NEW ENGLAND HISTORY IN BALLADS

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

AND HIS CHILDREN

3 0147 0000 3592 6

Hale, Edward Everett, 1822-1909.

New England history in ballads

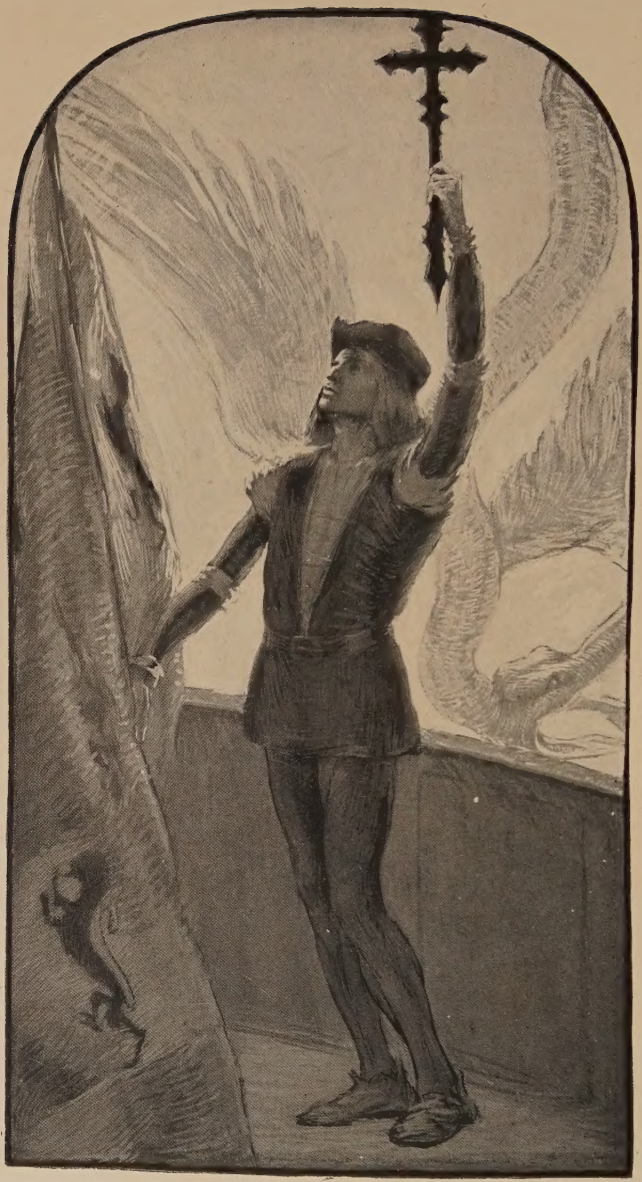
DATE DUE

~~NOV 1 6 2001~~			

DEMCO 38-297

NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY
LEARNING RESOURCES CENTER

NEW ENGLAND HISTORY IN BALLADS



NEW ENGLAND HISTORY IN BALLADS

BY

EDWARD E. HALE

AND HIS CHILDREN

WITH A FEW ADDITIONS BY OTHER PEOPLE

Illustrated by

ELLEN D. HALE, PHILIP L. HALE, AND
LILIAN HALE

Passionist Sisters
MOUNT ST. JOSEPH
College Library

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1904

#920906

Copyright, 1893, 1903,
By Edward E. Hale.

All rights reserved

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

INTRODUCTION

I AM fond of saying that we have never had fifty good American ballads. We have never had any, if the ballad is to fulfil the conditions which Mr. Lowell and other writers who know have assigned for good ballad poetry.

The truth is that the immortal ballads of the past could never have existed had not the people who composed them lived in the conditions of life which made them what they were.

Mr. Lowell said that the authors of the English and Scotch ballads had these advantages, which are hardly possible to-day:

One. They were not encumbered with information.

Two. They sang well because they never thought about it.

Three. In repeating their poems, they had the magnetism of the sympathy of their hearers, — they saw their faces as they spoke.

Four. They plunged at once into deep water without preface.

Five. They lived when and where there were no newspapers.

Six. They said things. They neither harangued nor described. And to Mr. Lowell's remark here, I will add that they never furnished a moral.

Seven. The ballads are really folk-songs, and they are the only folk-songs.

Eight. Travelling from place to place as ballad singers did, they had that education for uplift which comes from life in the open air, and from that only.

I have abridged somewhat severely Mr. Lowell's eight conditions, but I have used his language so far as I could. He says that for such reasons the ballad singers stood face to face with life in such ways as we cannot enter. He also says what is also true, that the old English ballads are models of narrative poetry.

One cannot write down these eight conditions without seeing that most of them have been impossible to any person in New England in the last three centuries. As for number four, all of us might plunge into deep water without preface, but I, who have knocked about the world for eighty years, have never met five public men who were able to do this. A speaker at a dinner always has to tell you why he is there, or that he

does not want to speak. There seems something in our modern time which makes this beginning or propylaeum necessary whenever we build a temple. And there is something else which compels us to adorn a tale or to state a moral, though we could simply state *things*, as Mr. Lowell says. Here are two of his conditions which we might live up to, but which we do not choose to live up to. And the other six conditions represent social arrangements which have been impossible since this country was settled. People have been "encumbered with information" ever since 1620, and there has been no occasion for ballad singers to travel from place to place. The newspaper has been in advance of them since the end of the century.

The Uncle Remus Stories of the South are often models of good narrative, and this is clearly just because those to whom they are told cannot read. But in New England there has never been any group of people who could not read. For such reasons I might say of the New England ballads in this preface what the English midshipman said of the manners and customs of the Ro-to-to Islands. His captain had assigned to him the duty of preparing a report for the Admiralty on the manners and customs of these islands. The poor young man shut himself up in his cabin

for a day, and at the end of the day his manuscript was examined by the captain. In fifteen hours he had written these words only: "As for manners they have none, and their customs are very filthy." It might be said of New England that she has no ballads and that those she has are not good.

To this remark there are two exceptions, perhaps three or four. But even when our best "Makers" have tried their hands, the result as compared with the ballad has been like a wax rose when compared with one fresh cut from the garden. Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell himself, have tried their hands. Longfellow and Whittier have best succeeded in throwing overboard the hamper of literary training, in plunging into deep water, and swimming for life; yet their best narrative poems are not ballads, if one uses language critically.

There are, however, some forty or fifty poems, more or less narrative, which ought to be read in any thoughtful study of New England history. We have determined in my house that it will be well to bring together some of the fifty, and to indicate where the rest of them may be found. And if this book pretended to nothing else it would "CLAIM," as the Patent Office says, that it gives to young readers some hints as

to these broken lights of the history of three centuries. Of the Four Makers in any such selection there should appear the poems, to which they have given these names.

Longfellow. The Burial of the Minnisink, The Skeleton in Armor, The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Arsenal at Springfield, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, The Phantom Ship, In the Churchyard at Cambridge, The Newport Cemetery, Paul Revere's Ride, Lady Wentworth, The Bells of Lynn.

Whittier. Cassandra Southwick, Funeral Tree of the Sokokis, Pentucket, St. John, The Exiles, The Familist's Hymn, The Fountain, The Merrimack, The New Wife and the Old, The Norsemen, Massachusetts to Virginia, New Hampshire, — 1845, A New England Legend, The Pumpkin, The Quaker of the Olden Time, In the Old South.

Holmes. Old Ironsides, The Dorchester Giant, Lexington, Harvard Centennial, Berkshire Jubilee, Agnes, The Ploughman, The New England Society, 1855, Webster's Birthday, Parson Turell's Election, Robinson of Leyden, Dorothy Q., The Ballad of the Boston Tea Party, After the Fire, The Commemoration Service, God Save the Flag, Long Wharf, Grandmother's Bunker Hill, The Old South, King's Chapel, The Broomstick Train.

Lowell. To a Pine Tree, Indian Summer, The Crisis, Some of the Biglow Papers, Myles Standish, Pictures from Appledore, The Voyage to Vinland, The Fatherland.

There are, as I have said, many unwritten ballads. Some of the more interesting titles would be —

Winslow and Massasoit. 1621.
The Lobsters at Squantum. 1621.
Winthrop's Landing in Beverly Harbor.
"They had gathered strawberries." 1630.
The Explosion on the Rose. 1640.
William Blaxton leaves Boston.
The Sale of King Philip's Wife and Child into Slavery.
The Imprisonment of Sir Edmund Andros.
Franklin and his Mother.
The Birth of the Dauphin.

I count Mr. Longfellow's ballad of the French Fleet as the best New England ballad so far. That will be found here.

The book in the reader's hands, however, was not born in the intention to furnish such a catalogue. It happened to me more than twenty years ago to go to Europe on a holiday, and to leave behind a family of young people who had pencils and pens in their hands. I told them that there were no ballads proper in New England history, and I proposed to them that while we were parted from each other, we should begin a series to see if we could not fill in, in a way, this blank of the literary history of our own region. They did not do a great deal, and I am afraid I did nothing in the matter in those four months.

But we all of us knew that we had these ballads on our list of omitted duties; and from time to time we have pulled them out from the pigeon-holes and hammered away at them. This metaphor is very bad, but the reader must let it stand.

I have brought together now the ballads we have written and with them we print ten illustrations. Some of the illustrations must take the place of those which we have not written. And so the reader has in his hands the collection which we have made, say in five and twenty years, for better for worse, for richer for poorer.

Beside these, I have printed here some other verses which have been printed before. These are not selected for their special interest, but because I think they are hard to find. If I chose the poems of value and interest merely, I should have to reprint many of the four "Makers" I have named. But their ballads are in every one's hands.

As matter of chronology, I suppose that Mr. Longfellow's ballad of the Skeleton in Armor, the same whom they discovered in Fall River in 1833, would be the first poem in this book. If this Viking were here at all, he was here with Thorvald or Thorfinn as early as the first millenium of the Christian era. But the Skeleton

in Armor had for his armor the same copper tubes which Gosnold afterwards saw on the Indians in 1602. No such armor was ever worn by a Viking. With reluctance, therefore, I give this poor Viking up and do not reprint the ballad. No. If you please, we will begin with Columbus.

I need hardly say that the word ballad has been used in the broadest possible range of any language to which the word belongs. And to the word ballad the reader must be careful to add the other words and other verses.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Roxbury, Massachusetts,
September 7, 1903.

CONTENTS

The Forerunners

Columbus . . . . . *Page* 3
Sonnet . . . . . " 5
The Three Anniversaries . . . . . " 6
Adrian Block's Song . . . . . " 8

The First Generation

The Finding of the First Mayflower . . . . . " 13
Boston in 1621 . . . . . " 15
Anonymous . . . . . " 16
Anne Hutchinson's Exile . . . . . " 20
The First Settler . . . . . " 24

From the Colony to the State

Uncle Tracy's Thanksgiving . . . . . " 29
Anne Dudley . . . . . " 31
The Lamentable Ballad of the Bloody Brook . . " 33
William Kidd . . . . . " 37
"Ye Lamentable Ballad and Ye True Historie of Captaine Robert Kidd" . . . . . " 40
Robinson Crusoe . . . . . " 47
The Queen's Road . . . . . " 51

The Franklin Ballads . . . . . *Page* 55
The Downfall of Piracy . . . . . " 57
Franklin's Wit . . . . . " 61
At the Inn . . . . . " 63
Black Beard . . . . . " 67
"Song of Lovewell's Fight" . . . . . " 69
From Potomac to Merrimac . . . . . " 76
Louisbourg . . . . . " 80
A Ballad of the French Fleet . . . . . " 82
Elegy on the Young Man Bitten by a Rattlesnake " 86

The Other Half

The Other Half . . . . . " 91
The British Grenadier . . . . . " 92
Paul Revere's Ride . . . . . " 95
New England's Chevy Chase . . . . . " 100
A Song . . . . . " 108
Ballad . . . . . " 111
The Marching Song of Stark's Men . . . . " 112
Concord Bridge . . . . . " 114
The Yankey's Return from Camp . . . . . " 116
The Yankee Privateer . . . . . " 121
The Old South Picture Gallery . . . . . " 126
Another Century . . . . . " 134
Chesapeake and Shannon . . . . . " 135
Old Ironsides . . . . . " 137
The Funeral of Old John Rudd . . . . . " 140
The Breach by Point Judith Point . . . . . " 147
Cotton . . . . . " 154

The Civil War

The Civil War . . . . . *Page* 159
Old Faneuil Hall . . . . . " 161
Take the Loan . . . . . " 163

Afterward

The Great Harvest Year . . . . . " 167
Manila Bay . . . . . " 175
New England to a Truant Lover . . . . . " 177
Phillips Brooks . . . . . " 179
Francis Parkman . . . . . " 180
The Stars . . . . . " 181

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Great Christ Bearer quailed not . . *Frontispiece*

"'The spring is come,' she said" . . . . . *Page* 14

"The baby clings; the mother sings" . . . " 20

"'Your horse won't eat them, sir'" . . . . " 60

"And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came" . . . . . " 81

"So through the night rode Paul Revere" . . " 99

In a barn at Milk Row . . . . . " 106

Stabbed and killed in Havana . . . . . " 153

His soul 's marching on . . . . . " 159

And then I spent the parting night . . . . " 162

THE FORERUNNERS

NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

COLUMBUS

Give me white paper!
This which you use is black and rough with smears
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years,
When all God's children had forgot their birth,
And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

"Give me white paper!"
One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man heard.
In answer he compelled the sea

To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well!
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind, —
Sailing still West the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the World.

SONNET

To the Ship which brought a Copy of Michael Angelo's Statue of Christ from Italy to America

Bark after bark has sunk in gales like these,
Facing the jealous West, as thou dost now.
Still thou must breast each wave, nor shun the seas,
Which beetle downward on thy westward prow.
The great "Christ-bearer" quailed not: he, as thou,
Left Italy to seek our Western shore;
And, as another dove another olive bore,
Seeing across the waste another promise-bow.

Beat westward still! beat downward every wave!
The Christ who gave our New World to the Old,
E'en then his secret to his Michael told,
And to his eye the sacred vision gave.
Beat the waves down! let them his form behold
Who are his "other sheep," not of his early fold.

Antiquarian Hall, Worcester. 1853.

THE THREE ANNIVERSARIES

Short is the day, and night is long;
But he who waits for day
In darkness sits not quite so long,
And earlier hails the twilight gray,
A little earlier hails the ray,
That drives the mists of night away.

So was this land cold, dead, and drear,
When to the rock-bound shore
That Pilgrim band, Christ-led, drew near,
The promise of a new-born year, —
Twilight, which shows that even here
The sun of gladness shall appear,
The land be dark no more.

So was the world dark, drear, and wild,
When on that blessed morn
A baby on his mother smiled.
The dawning comes, the royal child,
The Sun of life, is born.

The lengthening days shall longer grow,
Till summer rules the land;
From Pilgrim rills full rivers flow, —
Roll stronger and more grand.

So, Father, grant that year by year
The Sun of Righteousness more clear
To our awaiting hearts appear,
And from his doubtful East arise
The noonday Monarch of the skies, —
Till darkness from the nations flies;
Till all know him as they are known,
Till all the earth be all his own.

ROSES ISLAND

I BELIEVE that the State of Rhode Island derives its name from its beautiful Rhododendron.

This is certain that Adrian Block, who gave the name to the island on which Newport stands, must have seen the rhododendron maximum in bloom if he landed on the south shore of the State, and made any march inland.

The glory of the Rhode Island flora is in its magnificent display of rhododendron maximum. This noble plant appears to no more advantage than in the swamps of Rhode Island. There is a covert crowded with it, within a mile of my own Rhode Island home, to which Aladdin might have been proud to take the daughter of the Emperor of China.

The supposition, therefore, that Adrian Block named Rhode Island from its display in July of these beautiful flowers is not without foundation in natural history. It is quite as likely a supposition as any other which has been offered for the origin of the modern name of the island and the State.

ADRIAN BLOCK'S SONG

HARD aport! Now close to shore sail!
Starboard now, and drop your foresail!
See, boys, what yon bay discloses,
What yon open bay discloses!
Where the breeze so gently blows is
Heaven's own land of ruddy roses.

Past the Cormorant we sail,
Past the rippling Beaver Tail,
Green with summer, red with flowers,
Green with summer, fresh with showers,
Sweet with song and red with flowers,
Is this new-found land of ours!

Roses close above the sand,
Roses on the trees on land,
I shall take this land for my land,
Rosy beach and rosy highland,
And I name it Roses Island.

THE FIRST GENERATION

1620–1638

THE FINDING OF THE FIRST MAYFLOWER

PLYMOUTH, 1621

THE gray mists on the hillside fall,
The gray gulls o'er the harbor call.
With silent tread they wander down
Through last year's leaves and grasses brown.
Said he, "The months go by, this year,
And all is still and dead.
Is it, then, always winter here?"
"The spring will come," she said.

An east wind cuts the mist in twain, —
There is the straight sea line again.
She draws her mantle close, and he,
Turning his back upon the sea,
Speaks: "Lord, thy servant here behold!
My sins upon my head;
But why, Lord, slay us by thy cold?"
"The spring will come," she said.

She drops her head, and at her feet
There is a flower white and sweet.
They brush the leaves aside, and there
Its pink and white are everywhere.
A ray of sun — and all the slope
Laughs with its white and red.
"It is the Mayflower of our hope;
The spring is come," she said.

BOSTON IN 1621

After the hardships of the first winter the Pilgrim Fathers sent a shallop up the bay to explore the coast. In this boat, apparently, was William Bradford, the first governor. The lines below show that he saw the peninsula of Shawmut, where Boston stands, before the arrival of its first inhabitant, William Blaxton. I say first "inhabitant," for there is no evidence that any man, white or red, lived on that peninsula before him.

BOSTON IN 1621

Oh Boston, though thou now art grown
To be a great and wealthy Town,
Yet I have seen thee a wild Place,
Shrubs and Bushes covering thy Face:
And House then in thee, none there were:
Nor such as Gold and Silk did wear:
No Drunkenness were then in thee,
Nor such Excess as now we see.
We then drank freely of thy Spring,
Without paying of Anything.
We lodged freely where we would,
All Things were free and Nothing sold.

And they that did thee first begin
Had Hearts as free and as willing
Their poor Friends for to entertain
And never looked at sordid Gain.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

The author of the following lines is not known. They were first printed in 1773, having been preserved traditionally.

1630–1640

NEW ENGLAND'S annoyances, you that would know them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly do show them.

The Place where we live is a wilderness Wood,
Where Grass is much wanting that 's fruitful and good,
Our Mountains and Hills and our Valleys below
Being commonly covered with Ice and with Snow:
And when the Northwest Wind with violence blows,
Then every Man pulls his Cap over his Nose;
But if any 's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a Finger, a Foot, or a Hand.

But when the Spring opens we then take the Hoe
And make the Ground ready to plant and to sow:
Our Corn being planted and Seed being sown,
The Worms destroy much before it is grown.
And when it is growing some spoil there is made
By Birds and by Squirrels that pluck up the Blade;
And when it is come to full Corn in the Ear,
It is often destroyed by Raccoon and by Deer.

And now all our Garments begin to grow thin,
And Wool is much wanted to card and to spin.
If we can get a Garment to cover without,
Our other In-Garments are Clout upon Clout.
Our Clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they 're worn;
But clouting our Garments they hinder us nothing:
Clouts double are warmer than single whole Clothing.

If fresh Meat be wanting to fill up our Dish,
We have Carrots and Turnips as much as we wish,
And if there 's a Mind for a delicate Dish
We repair to the Clam-Banks and there we catch Fish.

For Pottage and Puddings and Custards and Pies
Our Pumpkins and Parsnips are common Supplies,
We have Pumpkins at Morning and Pumpkins
at Noon,
If it was not for Pumpkins we should be undone.

If Barley be wanted to make into Malt,
We must be contented and think it no Fault,
For we can make liquor to sweeten our Lips
Of Pumpkins and Parsnips and Walnut-Tree
Chips.

. . . . . .

Now while Some are going let Others be coming,
For while Liquor's boiling it must have a
scumming.
But I will not blame them, for Birds of a Feather
By seeking their Fellows are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring
Forsake not the Honey for fear of the Sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented Mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

[Some verse or verses seem to have been
lost just before the end. — E. E. H.]

ANNE HUTCHINSON

Nothing in New England history is more interesting or more tantalizing than the life of Anne Hutchinson.

The little colony at the head of Boston Bay had struggled along for four years. In September, 1630, some twenty or thirty families had crossed from their tents or shanties in Charlestown, to Shawmut, or Trimountain, opposite, because there was the perpetual spring of water there. It is remembered to-day in "Spring Lane," and its water supplies the steam engine of the Post Office. Bradford refers to it in his verses printed already.

In that first winter the "houses" were little better than holes in the ground with roofs above them, — on the lower part of the slope from our Tremont Street as you would go down to the sea.

With that Spartan beginning the town had increased until, in 1634, there were roads, a meeting-house, the beginning of a schoolhouse, — and the prospect of being the capital. Still, a new settlement, we all know what that is. Into such a new town John Cotton came in 1633, his admirer and friend, Anne Hutchinson, in 1634, and Sir Henry Vane in 1635.

Who shall say how these newcomers wounded and hurt the old settlers. "A certain condescension observable in all foreigners," this is Lowell's charming phrase when he describes it. What is certain is that Anne Hutchinson, after a career like that of Madame Récamier in her salon in Paris, in three years' time had offended the rulers of the State. For the first time, and the last, the State authorities inter-

fered with a local church, and the First Church of Boston sent into exile some of its very best members. The magistrates tried Anne Hutchinson on a civil charge. They could not prove that her theology was wrong, and they sent her into exile on a charge of disturbing the peace by maligning the ministers. So the poor woman with her husband and her children had to go, and the ballad below describes one night's encampment in Rhode Island. There is no authority for the supposition that this was a little west of Point Judith.

1638

ANNE HUTCHINSON'S EXILE

A BALLAD

"HOME, home — where 's my baby's home?
Here we seek, there we seek my baby's home to find.
Come, come, come, my baby, come!
We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

The baby clings; the mother sings; the pony stumbles on;
The father leads the beast along the tangled, muddy way;

The boys and girls trail on behind; the sun will soon be gone,
And starlight bright will take again the place of sunny day.
"Home, home — where 's my baby's home?
Here we seek, there we seek, my baby's home to find.
Come, come, come, my baby, come!
We found her home, we lost her home, and home is far behind.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

The sun goes down behind the lake; the night fogs gather chill,
The children's clothes are torn; and the children's feet are sore.
"Keep on, my boys, keep on, my girls, till all have passed the hill;
Then ho, my girls, and ho, my boys, for fire and sleep once more!"
And all the time she sings to the baby on her breast,
"Home, my darling, sleep, my darling, find a place for rest;

Who gives the fox his burrow will give my bird
a nest.
Come, my baby, come!
Find my baby's home!"

He lifts the mother from the beast; the hemlock
boughs they spread,
And make the baby's cradle sweet with fern-
leaves and with bays.
The baby and her mother are resting on their
bed;
He strikes the flint, he blows the spark, and
sets the twigs ablaze.
"Sleep, my child; sleep, my child!
Baby, find her rest,
Here beneath the gracious skies, upon her
father's breast;
Who gives the fox his burrow will give my
bird her nest.
Come, come, with her mother, come!
Home, home, find my baby's home!"

The guardian stars above the trees their loving
vigil keep;
The cricket sings her lullaby, the whippoorwill
his cheer.

The father knows his Father's arms are round
them as they sleep;
The mother knows that in His arms her darling
need not fear.
"Home, home, my baby's home is here;
With God we seek, with God we find the place
for baby's rest.
Hist, my child, list, my child; angels guard us
here.
The God of heaven is here to make and keep
my birdie's nest.
Home, home, here 's my baby's home!"

THE FIRST SETTLER

WHAT was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came;
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God — and me;
Felled the ungracious oak, —
With horrid toil
Dragged from the soil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side,
And when his work was done, without memorial
died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived and died. I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering
bones.
Only a cheerful city stands,
Builded by his hardened hands;

Only ten thousand homes,
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes;
These are his monuments, and these alone,—
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone!

And I?

Is there some desert or some boundless sea
Where thou, great God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend, some sod
For me to break,
Some handful of thy corn to take,
And scatter far afield,
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold,
To feed the happy children of my God?—
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me!
And though the body lie where ocean rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful souls!

November, 1885

FROM THE COLONY TO THE STATE

UNCLE TRACY'S THANKSGIVING

THERE can be no doubt but that this queer song runs back in time to the end of the first century of the colony.

It is purely traditional. I heard it as early as 1825, and I do not believe it has ever been printed until now.

I have no doubt as to its antiquity. It belongs before 1689 and after 1661.

UNCLE TRACY'S THANKSGIVING. 1675?

'T WAS up to Uncle Tracy's
The Fifth of November,
Last Thanksgiving night
As I very well remember
And there we had a Frolic,
A Frolic indeed,
Where we drank good full Glasses
Of old Anise-seed.

And there was Mr. Holmes
And there was Peter Drew,
And there was Seth Gilbert
And Seth Thomas too

And there were too many
Too many for to name,
And by and by I 'll tell you how
They carried on the Game.

They carried on the Game
Till 't was late in the night,
And one pretty Girl
Almost lost her Eyesight.
No wonder, no wonder
No wonder indeed,
For she drank good full Glasses
Of old Anise-seed.

ANNE DUDLEY

I was most desirous to print here, before the date of Philip's War, some verses by the New England poet, Anne Dudley, who became by marriage Anne Bradstreet. It is she whom Cotton Mather calls the "tenth Muse."

She had some ear for rhythm. She had read Du Bartas and delighted in him. The same may be said of John Milton. Anne Dudley may have seen Milton. She was twelve years younger than he was.

But alas! I have read Anne Dudley Bradstreet's poems, though not for the first time, in hope that I might find one line which should show that she had ever seen a hepatica, or a wood anemone, or bloodroot, or a ladies' slipper, or a fringed gentian. No! She had only seen violets and primroses and roses — the conventional flowers of English poetry. And, to all appearances she had never seen a moccasin, or a dug-out, or a toboggan, or a squaw, or a pappoose. No! Her acquaintances were of the First Monarchy and the Second Monarchy.

I think that the only allusions in her poems which can be tortured into an observation of Nature or Nature's work in New England are these. The North Andover people may imagine that she has strayed to the bank of the Merrimac from the Phillips Brooks house.

> "Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
> Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
> Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm
> A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
> I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
> Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
> And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell."

Here are the conventional references which she makes to flowers. "Azure violets" may pass. But "primroses" in the Merrimac Valley? Ah me!

> "The primrose pale and azure violet
> Among the verdurous grass hath Nature set."

For birds, she says:

> "The sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head."

But alas! Philomel never came within three thousand miles of her.

For insects on the lawn:

> "I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
> The black clad cricket bear his second part,
> They kept one tune and played on the same string,
> Seeming to glory in their little art."

These are the least conventional and most genuine lines in the volume of her poems. But grasshoppers are merry, and crickets are black in England.

I go into this exhaustive review, because I suppose that I am now, since the death of her editor, Mr. John Harvard Ellis, the only person who has read her poems.

"It is proper," as one of my Zuni friends said, that I should say that since the death of my accomplished friend, Mr. Ellis, no man lives, except myself, who has fulfilled this pious duty.

Let us remember that Christopher North speaks kindly of her.

BLOODY BROOK

The slaughter of Lathrop with the "Flower of Essex" on the eighteenth of September, 1675, was one of the most tragic incidents of King Philip's War.

I wrote this ballad to read at the celebration at "Bloody Brook," at the anniversary of the battle in the year 1888.

It is a good aid to memory that Philip's War broke out exactly a century before Lexington and Bunker Hill. The colony, only forty-five years old, was very near destruction. But the pluck of the fathers was such that they would not send "home" for an ounce of powder or of lead.

It is rather curious that no allusion has been found in the excited literature of 1775 to the recurrence of the centennial anniversaries of the crisis of 1675.

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY BROOK

Come listen to the Story of brave Lathrop and his Men, —
How they fought, how they died,
When they marched against the Red Skins in the Autumn Days, and then
How they fell, in their pride,
By Pocumtuck Side.

"Who will go to Deerfield Meadows and bring
the ripened Grain?"
Said old Mosely to his men in Array.
"Take the Wagons and the Horses, and bring it
back again;
But be sure that no Man stray
All the Day, on the Way."

Then the Flower of Essex started, with Lathrop
at their head,
Wise and brave, bold and true.
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to
Mosely said,
"Be there Many, be there Few,
I will bring the Grain to you."

They gathered all the Harvest, and marched
back on their Way
Through the Woods which blazed like Fire.
No soldier left the Line of march to wander or
to stray,
Till the Wagons were stalled in the Mire,
And the beasts began to tire.

The Wagons have all forded the Brook as it flows,
And then the Rear-Guard stays
To pick the Purple Grapes that are hanging from the Boughs,
When, crack! — to their Amaze,
A hundred Fire-locks blaze!

Brave Lathrop, he lay dying; but as he fell he cried,
"Each man to his Tree," said he,
"Let no one yield an Inch;" and so the Soldier died;
And not a Man of all can see
Where the Foe can be.

And Philip and his Devils pour in their Shot so fast,
From behind and before,
That man after Man is shot down and breathes his last
Every Man lies dead in his Gore
To fight no more, — no more!

Oh, weep, ye Maids of Essex, for the Lads who
have died, —
The Flower of Essex they !
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black
Mountain-side,
But never shall they come again to see the
ocean-tide,
And never shall the Bridegroom return to his
Bride,
From that dark and cruel Day, — cruel Day !

WILLIAM KIDD

Our friends in New York who care at all for the history of the seventeenth century have sometimes intimated that the products of piratical adventure were to be seen in the houses of the well-to-do people of Boston as the end of that century passed by. On the other hand, the Boston historians are a little apt to intimate that in the lower streets of New York adventures were planned for seamen who did not much care what flag they sailed under. It is certain that those years of the end of that century and the beginning of the next were great years for piracy or for "freebooters."

Mr. Macaulay in a chapter of his history which was printed after his death says, "Many of the pirates of the Indian Ocean, it was said, came from our North American Colonies, and carried back to those Colonies the spoils gained by crime." And he specifies New York and the Puritans of New England as those who profited by the ill-gotten spices and stuffs which the pirates had to sell.

With regard to such suspicions, as far as New England is concerned, it is safe to say that there is not an old candlestick or an old pistol or musket or cutlass in New England regarding which there is any tradition that it came from a buccaneer or other "freebooter." On the other hand, what is certain is that the "Colonial Records" are full of the efforts to suppress piracy, and that for some of these years at least the Province of Massachusetts had cruisers under its own commission and flag, quite regardless of home authorities, to keep the seas of their neighborhood free. Lord Bellomont, who became governor of Massachusetts and New York in

1695, was specially charged by William III. to suppress "free-booting." Bellomont commissioned a New York merchant of good standing, named William Kidd, to take command of a privateer called the *Adventure Galley*, which was equipped in London for the special purpose of seizing pirates. Kidd crossed the Atlantic in this vessel, and in New York found volunteers in abundance for her crew. In 1697 he sailed from the Hudson with one hundred and fifty men, and in July reached Madagascar.

What happened in the Indian Ocean it is hard to tell. Macaulay says coolly, "The risk of being called to severe reckoning might not unnaturally seem small to one who had seen many old buccaneers living in comfort and credit at New York and Boston." So far as Boston is concerned I do not believe that Kidd had seen any such thing. It is, however, perhaps true, that he threw off the character of the "privateer" and became a pirate. But some doubt certainly is thrown on this charge against him, by the fact that he returned to New York, apparently with no fear, having burned his ship, as is supposed, and dismissed his men. He wrote to Bellomont, who was in Boston, that he had been unjustly accused, and offered to visit him in Boston. Bellomont replied by giving him an absolute safe-conduct, promising him that he could come to Boston and return safely to his home. Kidd came to Boston, he took up his quarters in the best inn in the place, and he called with perfect freedom at the council chamber again and again. Unfortunately for him and for Bellomont's character, orders then arrived from London that Bellomont should arrest him and await further orders from the Admiralty. Bellomont was afraid. He violated his own safe-conduct, and imprisoned Kidd in the Boston jail. Kidd's wife came on to Boston to visit him there. Kidd was sent to London and was hanged.

The personal correspondence between Kidd and Bellomont is in the Massachusetts Archives. So are Sarah Kidd's letters, signed with her mark because she could not write.

The misery of it all is that the prosecution was purely a political prosecution. For the charge was a charge not really against Kidd, but against Somers, who was one of the subscribers to the *Adventure Galley* enterprise. The government prosecuting him abandoned the charge of piracy and he was hanged for the murder of one of his sailors. Whether Kidd were unjustly sentenced or not, he was sentenced and he was hanged. The southern part of Rhode Island, where is my summer home, is honeycombed with holes which have been made by people who have been seeking for Kidd's treasure, in the two hundred years which have passed since he was hanged at Execution Dock. Some English ballad writer of the time wrote the ballad which is still sung in the forecastle. I have myself heard old seamen sing it when everything was dark around us, and a northeast fog was forming in drops upon our clothes.

I have sometimes thought that Macaulay gave to the ballad rather more historical authority than it deserved.

The reader will observe that the ballad calls the hero Robert Kidd, while there is no doubt that his name was William and that the other details of the ballad, excepting perhaps the death of William Moore, are untrue.

There is a general agreement that the ship in which Kidd and his men returned was not the *Adventure Galley* but the *Quedah*, an Asiatic vessel which he had taken as a prize. A generation after the *Whidah*, supposed to be a buccaneer, was shipwrecked on Cape Cod. Was she the same ship?

"Ye LAMENTABLE BALLAD AND Ye TRUE HISTORIE OF CAPTAINE ROBERT KIDD, WHO WAS HANGED IN CHAINS AT EXECUTION DOCK, FOR PIRACY AND MURDER ON Ye HIGH SEAS."
1701

You captains bold and brave, hear our cries, hear our cries,
You captains bold and brave, hear our cries,
You captains brave and bold, tho' you seem uncontroll'd,
Don't for the sake of gold lose your souls, lose your souls,
Don't for the sake of gold lose your souls.

My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My name was Robert Kidd, when I sail'd,
My name was Robert Kidd, God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.

My parents taught me well, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well, when I sail'd,
My parents taught me well to shun the gates of hell,
But against them I rebell'd when I sail'd.

I cursed my father dear, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I cursed my father dear, when I sail'd,
I cursed my father dear and her that did me bear
And so wickedly did swear, when I sail'd.

I made a solemn vow when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow when I sail'd,
I made a solemn vow, to God I would not bow,
Nor myself one prayer allow, as I sail'd.

I was sick and nigh to death, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I was sick and nigh to death as I sail'd,
And I was sick and nigh to death, and vowed at every breath,
To walk in wisdom's ways as I sail'd.

I thought I was undone as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I thought I was undone as I sail'd,
I thought I was undone and my wicked glass had run,
But my health did soon return as I sail'd.

My repentance lasted not, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My repentance lasted not, as I sail'd,
My repentance lasted not, my vows I soon forgot,
Damnation 's my just lot, as I sail'd.

I steer'd from sound to sound, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I steer'd from sound to sound, as I sail'd,
I steer'd from sound to sound, and many ships I found,
And most of them I burn'd as I sail'd.

I spy'd three ships from France, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships from France, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships from France, to them I did advance,
And took them all by chance, as I sail'd.

I spy'd three ships of Spain, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships of Spain, as I sail'd,
I spy'd three ships of Spain, I fired on them amain,
Till most of them were slain, as I sail'd.

I 'd a bible in my hand when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I 'd a bible in my hand when I sail'd,
I 'd a bible in my hand by my father's great command,
And I sunk it in the sand when I sail'd.

I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I murdered William Moore, as I sail'd,
I murdered William Moore, and left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore as I sail'd.

And being cruel still, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, as I sail'd,
And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill,
And his precious blood did spill, as I sail'd.

My mate was sick and died as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
My mate was sick and died as I sail'd,
My mate was sick and died, which me much terrified,
When he called me to his bedside as I sail'd.

And unto me he did say, see me die, see me die,
And unto me did he say see me die,
And unto me did say, take warning now by me,
There comes a reckoning day, you must die.

You cannot then withstand, when you die, when you die,
You cannot then withstand when you die,
You cannot then withstand the judgments of God's hand,
But bound then in iron bands, you must die.

I 'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
I 'd ninety bars of gold, as I sail'd,
I 'd ninety bars of gold, and dollars manifold,
With riches uncontroll'd, as I sail'd.

Then fourteen ships I saw, as I sail'd, as I sail'd,
Then fourteen ships I saw as I sail'd,
Then fourteen ships I saw and brave men they are,
Ah! they were too much for me as I sail'd.

Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last, I must die,
Thus being o'ertaken at last and into prison cast,
And sentence being pass'd, I must die.

Farewell the raging sea, I must die, I must die,
Farewell the raging main, I must die,
Farewell the raging main, to Turkey, France, and Spain,
I ne'er shall see you again, I must die.

To Newgate now I 'm cast, and must die, and must die,
To Newgate now I 'm cast, and must die,
To Newgate I am cast, with a sad and heavy heart,
To receive my just desert, I must die.

To Execution Dock I must go, I must go,
To Execution Dock I must go,
To Execution Dock will many thousands flock,
But I must bear the shock, I must die.

Come all you young and old, see me die, see me die?
Come all you young and old, see me die,
Come all you young and old, you 're welcome to my gold,
For by it I 've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, for I must die,
Take warning now by me, for I must die,
Take warning now by me, and shun bad company,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I must die.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

The greatest of modern romances has an American hero. For Robinson Crusoe, who had left England when he was scarcely twenty-one years old, landed in America when he was about twenty-three. He was shipwrecked on his island about the time when Richard Cromwell retired from the government of England. Crusoe returned to establish himself when he was an old man, so to speak, arriving in England on the week when William III. entered London.

I suppose that by these definite dates Defoe meant to show that a true-born Englishman could not live in England while the Stuarts sat on the throne.

In his second voyage, in the year 1695, Crusoe came as near us as the banks of Newfoundland, and there is an intimation that if thus and so had happened he might have looked in on us in the "northern parts of Virginia." One may add that Daniel Defoe had a son in North Carolina. And the precision of his narrative of white slavery in his novel of "Captain Jack" makes one think that Daniel Defoe himself had visited America. But the North Carolina people do not find him or his son.

Many imitations of Robinson's life have been written, but the "New England Crusoe" is yet in the inkstand. The song which I reprint is still to be found on the wharves, in a broadside, with a picture of Robinson carrying a kid on his shoulders. It was written in the latter part of the

eighteenth century, for Mr. Cussans, an English actor, and was for a century a favorite song between acts on the English and American stage.

When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandfather I did lose, Oh!
I'll bet you a cann, you have heard of the man,
His name was Robinson Crusoe.
Chorus. — Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe,
Tink a tang a tang,
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

You have read in a book of a voyage he took,
How the howling whirlwinds blew so;
The ship with a shock, drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.

Poor soul, none but he, remain'd on the sea,
Ah! fate, fate! how couldest thou do so!
Till ashore he was thrown, on an island unknown,
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That but for his gun, he 'd been surely undone,
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

But he sav'd from on board, an old gun and sword,
And another odd matter or two so;
That by dint of his thrift, he manag'd to shift,
Well done poor Robinson Crusoe.

And he happen'd to save, from the merciless wave,
A poor parrot, I assure you, it was so;
That when he come home, from a wearisome roam,
She 'd cry out, "Poor Robinson Crusoe."

He got all in the wood, that ever he could,
And he stuck it together with glue, so
That he made him a hut, in which he might put
The body of Robinson Crusoe.

He wore an old cap, and a coat with long nap,
And a beard as long as a Jew, so
That, by all that is evil, he look'd like the devil,
More than like Robinson Crusoe.

And then his man Friday, kept the hut neat and
tidy,
To be sure 't was his business to do so;
They were friendly together like neighbor and
brother,
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

At length, an English sail, came near, within hail,
Oh, then he took to his canoe, so
That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip,
To the country of Robinson Crusoe.

THE QUEEN'S ROAD

To any one who lives in the "South County" it is needless to tell what we mean there when we speak of the "Queen's Road." But alas! There are some people who have not even heard "whether there be any South County." To them let it be said that Rhode Island, though a small State apparently, is really three States: —

1. Providence Plantations.

2. Newport and *Rhode* Island as above. (See Adrian Block.)

3. The King's Province. Capital, King's Town. This is the South County.

Now through the King's Province passes the old seaboard road from Newport to New York, — on which George Fox travelled in 1672, on which Madam Knight rode on a pillion, and where Franklin carried the mail, on certain impossible hypotheses. And in the reign of good Queen Anne, the niece of King Charles, for whom the King's Province was named, this road was made sure. Before that time it had been only an Indian trail. It is, therefore, by all people who are more than eighty years old, called the "Queen's Road." And even young people call the wild carrot, when in July it blossoms with all its summer beauty, by the pretty name of "Queen Anne's Lace." But we must not give to the ballad any historical importance.

Old Queen Anne, she lay a-dying,
Oh, sad to see,
On her silver bedstead lying,
While the golden sands are flying,
Ah, weary me!

On her right the priest is kneeling,
With his Latin prayer;
To the Queen of Heaven appealing,
That this Queen, whose life is stealing
Far from earth or earthly feeling,
May quickly name her heir.

At her left the bishop praying, —
And the words he said:
"Recollect, Great God, the wonder
When her fleets with bolts of thunder
Drove the wicked Papists under,
And their armies fled."

Sudden steps surprise the palace! —
Vain the sentry at the wall is; —
The Messenger upsets the chalice! —
Roger Williams' son
Scornfully upsets the chalice,
And defies the churchman's malice. —

He has words to cheer the dying
On her silver bedstead lying.
Hear him in her chamber crying
That her work is done.

O'er the dying queen he bended,
Screaming in her ear,
"Great Queen Anne, your road is mended,
From the floods the track 's defended,
All your money is expended,
But the task has been well ended,
And the road is there.

"From Block-house on Tower Hill,"
(Screaming in her ear,)
"By Willow Dell to Perryville,
By Loisha's house to Cross's Mill,
Queen Anne's road is built with skill, —
Tell me if you hear!"

See the Queen's dim eyeballs glisten,
Rising in her bed;
How her frail form bends to listen
To the words he said.

"Williams, say those words again!
Those are words that conquer pain!
All the work explain — explain —
Say again — say — say — again —"
And the Queen is dead.

Rose the Bishop from his kneeling,
Ceased the priest from his appealing
To the Holy Rood,
Vain was Satan's thunderous levin,
To her failure pardon 's given
For Queen Anne has gone to heaven
On the old Queen's Road.

THE FRANKLIN BALLADS

Benjamin Franklin plays an important part in our ballad history as in all our history.

He is not generally remembered as a poet. Yet in his matchless autobiography, with all his own humor, he tells us how narrow was his escape from a poet's life. When he was apprentice to his brother in the office of the *New England Courant*, it so fell out that Mr. Worthylake, the keeper of the lighthouse, and his daughters came in a boat from the lighthouse to the town to attend the divine service on Sunday. It was on the third of November, 1718, as they attempted to return from the service, a squall of wind struck the boat and they were all drowned.

An event so sad arrested the quick attention of the *Courant* people, and the apprentice, Benjamin, was set to "composing" a ballad on the lamentable tragedy. This he did literally. With the compositor's stick in his hand, he set up the verses at the case, and the type was lifted on the stone and locked up without pen or pencil or paper.

The press was worked by the hand which had composed the ballad. And the apprentice boy who had printed it was sent into the streets to cry it and to sell it.

It had great success, very great success. And so was it, that when not long after the *Courant* received news that the famous Rover Black Beard had been taken and beheaded, the boy composed another ballad with equal success.

It was then that he had the critical conversation with his father which changed the current of his life. And who

shall say how much more it changed — "what might have been"?

For fifty years, more or less, I had the hope of disinterring these Franklin ballads. I came so near it one day, that when I asked the ballad monger on Tremont Street, by the Albany road, if he had the ballad of "Black Beard," he said, "No! Mr. Hale, but I will have it this afternoon!"

But alas! — he did not have it that afternoon — and in all his life after he did not find it.

But I lived on, — in the hope that it might be found. For my dear friend, Dr. Hayward, recollected this verse of a ballad of Black Beard.

"So each man to his gun!
For the work must be done,
With musket, sword, and pistol, —
And when we can no more strike a blow
We 'll fire the powder, and up we 'll go.
'T is better to swim in the sea below
Than to hang in the air and feed the crow,
Said jolly Ned Teach of Bristol."

Dr. Hayward remembered this as early as 1840; probably it belongs much earlier. It is so good that I carried it in my head for twenty or thirty years, quite sure that it was Franklin's.

But no! — alas and alas! Mr. Ashton in his "Real Sailor Songs" disinterred the original Franklin, — I suppose in the British Museum. It is very bad, — as bad as it could be. But it bears every mark of being the original by Benjamin Franklin.

Black Beard was a famous pirate who was met and killed by a king's sloop under Maynard. You may see the island on which his head was left to terrify on-lookers, as you stand in front of Dr. Frissell's house at Hampton College. It is called Black Beard's Island. His name was Ned Teach.

THE DOWNFALL OF PIRACY

WILL you hear of a bloody Battle,
Lately fought upon the Seas,
It will make your Ears to rattle,
And your Admiration cease;
Have you heard of *Teach* the Rover,
And his Knavery on the Main;
How of Gold he was a Lover,
How he lov'd all ill got Gain.

When the Act of Grace appeared,
Captain *Teach* with all his Men,
Unto *Carolina* steered,
Where they kindly us'd him then;
There he marry'd to a Lady,
And gave her five hundred Pound,
But to her he prov'd unsteady,
For he soon march'd off the Ground.

And returned, as I tell you,
To his Robbery as before,
Burning, sinking Ships of value,
Filling them with Purple Gore;

When he was at *Carolina*,
There the Governor did send,
To the Governor of *Virginia*,
That he might assistance lend.

Then the Man of War's Commander,
Two small Sloops he fitted out,
Fifty Men he put on board, Sir,
Who resolv'd to stand it out:
The Lieutenant he commanded
Both the Sloops, and you shall hear,
How before he landed,
He suppress'd them without fear.

Valiant *Maynard* as he sailed,
Soon the Pirate did espy,
With his Trumpet he then hailed,
And to him they did reply:
Captain *Teach* is our Commander,
Maynard said, he is the Man,
Whom I am resolv'd to hang, Sir,
Let him do the best he can.

Teach replyed unto *Maynard*,
You no Quarter here shall see,
But be hang'd on the Mainyard,
You and all your Company;

Maynard said, I none desire,
Of such Knaves as thee and thine,
None I 'll give, *Teach* then replyed,
My Boys give me a Glass of Wine.

He took the Glass, and drank Damnation
Unto *Maynard* and his Crew;
To himself and Generation,
Then the Glass away he threw;
Brave *Maynard* was resolv'd to have him,
Tho' he 'd Cannons nine or ten;
Teach a broadside quickly gave him,
Killing sixteen valiant Men.

Maynard boarded him, and to it
They fell with Sword and Pistol too;
They had Courage, and did show it,
Killing of the Pirate's Crew.
Teach and *Maynard* on the Quarter,
Fought it out most manfully,
Maynard's Sword did cut him shorter,
Losing his head, he there did die.

Every Sailor fought while he, Sir,
Power had to wield the Sword,
Not a Coward could you see, Sir,
Fear was driven from abroad:

Wounded Men on both Sides fell, Sir,
'T was a doleful Sight to see,
Nothing could their Courage quell, Sir,
O, they fought courageously.

When the bloody Fight was over,
We 're informed by a Letter writ,
Teach's Head was made a Cover,
To the Jack Staff of the Ship:
Thus they sailed to *Virginia*,
And when they the Story told,
How they kill'd the Pirates many,
They 'd Applause from young and old.

FRANKLIN'S WIT

And here will be a fit place for the other Franklin poems. They belong after his residence was established in Philadelphia, on one of his long journeys, by the north side of Long Island Sound to Newport and Boston. The first is at least as old as 1818. I take it from the Connecticut *Gazette* of 1818, and it is perhaps the work of one of the wits who made Hartford so distinguished a literary centre in that time. I am sure that the other is more modern.

Franklin, one night, cold, freezing to his skin,
Stopped on his journey at a public inn;
Rejoiced, perceives the kindling flames arise,
But luckless sage, perceives with distant eyes
A motley crowd monopolize the heat,
Each firm as Banquo's ghost, maintains his seat.

"Ho!" cries the doctor never at a loss,
"Landlord, a peck of oysters for my horse."

"Your horse eat oysters?" cries the wondering
host.
"Give him a peck, you 'll see they won't be lost."
The crowd astonished, rush into the stall:
"A horse eat oysters — what with shells and all?"

Meantime our traveller, as the rest retire,
Picks the best seat at the deserted fire;
A place convenient for the cunning elf
To roast his oysters and to warm himself.
The host returned — "Your horse won't eat them,
sir."
"Won't eat good oysters! he 's a simple cur;
I know who will," he adds in merry mood;
"Hand them to me, a horse don't know what's
good."

AT THE INN

The historical authority for this ballad is in that earlier excellent ballad, printed in the Connecticut *Gazette* in 1818. I wish I knew who wrote it.

I am told that the story is more than two thousand years old. The scene must have been between New York and Newport, and I took the liberty to place it at Willow Dell.

It was Mr. Benjamin Franklin, a-carrying of the mail
(Sing ho, for the tallow-chandler's brother!);
He had to be at Newport Friday morning without fail
(Sing rather, t 'other, pother, fuss, and bother!)
When passing Trustum Pond, as he rode with might and main,
He was soaked to the skin by the thunder and the rain;
And when he came to Dead Man's Brook his pony stumbled in,
And tumbled Mr. Franklin off, and wet him through again
(Sing ho, for the tallow-chandler's mother!).

"Speed up," he cried, "and bring me to the inn
at Willow Dell"
(Sing "ho, for the tallow-chandler's cousin");
"Ben Seegar there shall give you oats and Hiram
groom you well,"
(Sing "ten, eleven, twelve, a baker's dozen").
So quick they strode along the road, and here he
entered in,
And first, of course, he left his horse all wetted
to the skin.
But lo! so many people were around the land-
lord's fire
That he was forced to stand outside and could n't
come no nigher
(Sing "five and four and two and one 's a
dozen").

"Good friend," said Mr. Franklin, as if it were
of course
(Sing "Trustum Bay and lobster-claw and
clam-shell"),
"I wish that you would give a peck of oysters to
my horse"
(Sing "lobster-claw and pickerel and clam-
shell").

The landlord heard without a word; and quick as he was able
He shelled the fish and took the dish of oysters to the stable;
And with surprise in all their eyes, the people left the stranger,
And crossed the yard in tempest hard, to crowd around the manger.
Ben Franklin, he cared not to see, but took the warmest seat,
And hung his coat above the fire, and sat and dried his feet
(Sing "centipede and crocodile and bomb-shell").

Five minutes more, and through the door came Mr. Landlord, swearing
(Sing "Oliver, Tom Nopes, and Benjamine Seegar");
And after him came all the folks, a-wondering and a-staring
(Sing "Oliver, Queen Moll, and Colonel Wager").
"Your horse won't touch the oysters, sir, although they're fresh and new, sir."

"He won't?" asked Mr. Franklin; "That 's no
offence to you, sir.
You see he does n't know what 's good; but if he
don't, I do, sir"
(Sing "rheumatiz and gout and shaking
ager");
If he had tried your oysters fried he might not
then refuse 'em,
But I will sit and toast my feet while Mistress
Bowers stews 'em.

BLACK BEARD

Somewhere in the lobes of some old lady's memory is the rest of what we connoisseurs call "Dr. Hayward's ballad," quoted above. It is too good to be lost. But, while I have begged antiquarians to find it, I have not succeeded. Still there is a hope that it is in an old school reader. Who remembers it?

Here are, however, some verses by some of my staff who have kindly volunteered in a service which requires new rhymes for "Bristol." They have no historical value.

I 'll comb out the beard of the man that 's afeared
Be he Englishman, Dutchman, or Spaniard!
By God he shall swing
At the end of a string,
If I stretch out the bow-chaser lanyard!
For we have no use here, for milk sops or fear,
Says Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol.

Who will fool with the girls
Who will dive for the pearls
In the Spaniard's clear water of crystal?

It is Black Beard, you know,
And Black Beard will show
The mountains of gold and silver untold,
Says Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol.

Who will fool with the girls
Or dive for the pearls
In the Spaniard's clear waters of crystal,
And when we have done
With that sort of fun,
Have flirted with all, and have kissed all,
Then up with the kedges and off for the sea,
To see in what water the Gold Fishes be,
Says Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol.

How the Admiral swore
When he swaggered on shore,
For he thought he was going to enlist all
The hearties so free who follow the sea.
But the Admiral found he had missed all!
For the gentlemen free had all rather be
Where the guineas are gold and the liquor
is free!
Said Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol.

"SONG OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT."

This ballad is one of the genuine ballads, one of the oldest there is, composed, it is said, the year of the fight. The author is unknown. It is printed in "Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections." The historical facts here stated are no doubt reliable. The date is May, 1725.

Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his king;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'T was nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land
Which leads into a pond, as we 're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him, and travelled two
miles round
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his
ground,
Then spake up Captain Lovewell, "Take your
good heed," says he;
"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh
at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man
leave his pack
That we may boldly fight them when they shall
us attack."

They came unto the Indian who did them thus
defy;
As soon as they come nigh him, two guns he did
let fly,
Which wounded Captain Lovewell, and likewise
one man more;
But when this rogue was running, they laid him
in his gore.

Then having scalped the Indian, they went back
to the spot
Where they had laid their packs down, but there
they found them not;
For the Indians having spied them when they
them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them
away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place
near by,
So that an English soldier did one of them
espy,
And cried out, "Here's an Indian!" with that
they started out
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did
shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud
huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not
a straw;
So now the fight began as fiercely as could be;
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were
forced to flee.

Then spoke up Captain Lovewell when first the fight began,
"Fight on my gallant heroes! you see they fall like rain."
For as we are informed the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun, and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated, and covered all the rear,
The rogues were forced to flee them, although they skulked for fear.

Two bogs that were behind them so close together lay,
Without being discovered they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,
And at a handsome distance, as they were wont to go.

'T was ten o'clock in the morning when first the
fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun,
Excepting that the Indians some hours before
't was night,
Drew off into the bushes, and ceased a while to
fight.

But soon again returned in fierce and furious
mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so
loud,
For, as we are informed, so thick and fast they
fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get
home well.

And that our valiant English 'til midnight there
did stay
To see whether the rebels would have another
fray ;
But they no more returning, they made off
toward their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they
could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians there were about four-score.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded for which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English chaplain, he many Indians flew.

Young Fullam, too, I 'll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavoring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell.
And yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismayed,
But still they kept their motion, and Wyman captain made.

Who shot the old Chief Paugus, which did the
foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the
retreat,
And, braving many dangers and hardships by the
way,
They safe arrived at Dunstable the thirteenth
day of May.

FROM POTOMAC TO MERRIMAC
February 11, 1732

I. POTOMAC SIDE

Do you know how the people of all the land
Knew at last that the time was at hand
When He should be sent to give command
To armies and people, to father and son!
How the glad tidings of joy should run
Which tell of the birth of Washington?

Three women keep watch of the midnight sky
  Where Potomac ripples below;
They watch till the light in the window hard by
  The birth of the child shall show.
    Is it peace? Is it strife?
    Is it death? Is it life?
  The light in the window shall show!
      Weal or woe!
      We shall know!

The women have builded a signal pile
For the birthday's welcome flame,
That the light may show for many a mile
To tell when the baby came!
And south and north
The word go forth
That the boy is born
On that blessed morn;
The boy of deathless fame!

II. SIGNAL FIRES

The watchmen have waited on Capitol Hill
And they light the signal flame;
And at Baltimore Bay they waited till
The welcome tidings came;
And then across the starlit night,
At the head of Elk the joyful light
Told to the Quaker town the story
Of new-born life and coming glory!
To Trenton Ferry and Brooklyn Height
They sent the signal clear and bright,
And far away,
Before the day,

To Kaatskill and Greylock the joyful flame!
And everywhere the message came,
As the signal flew
The people knew
That the man of men was born!

III. MERRIMAC SIDE, AND AGIOCHOOK

So it is, they say, that the men in the bay,
In winter's ice and snow,
See the welcome light on Wachusett Height
While the Merrimac rolls below.
The cheery fire
Rose higher and higher,
Monadnock and Carrigain catch the flame,
And on and on, and on it came,
And as men look
Far away in the north
The word goes forth,
To Agiochook.
The welcome fire
Flashed higher and higher
To our mountain ways,
And the dome, and Moat and Pequawket blaze!

So the farmers in the Intervale
See the light which shall never fail,
The beacon light which shines to tell
To all the world to say
That the boy has been born
On that winter's morn
By Potomac far away.
Whose great command
Shall bless that land
Whom the land shall bless
In joy and distress
Forever and a day!

LOUISBURG

In 1745 William Pepperell led the New England seamen to their eventful attack upon Louisburg. In the success of this attack was foreshadowed the success of the American Revolution. A Boston paper of that day contains these stately verses which seem worth copying.

Neptune and Mars in Council sate
To humble France's pride,
Whose vain unbridled insolence
All other Powers defied.

The gods having sat in deep debate
Upon the puzzling theme,
Broke up perplexed and both agreed
Shirley should form the scheme.

Shirley, with Britain's glory fired,
Heaven's favoring smile implored:
"Let Louisburg return," — he said,
"Unto its ancient Lord."

At once the Camp and Fleet were filled
With Britain's loyal sons,
Whose hearts are filled with generous strife
T' avenge their Country's wrongs.

With Liberty their breasts are filled,
Fair Liberty 's their shield ;
'T is Liberty their banner waves
And hovers o'er their field.

Louis ! — behold the unequal strife,
Thy slaves in walls immured !
While George's sons laugh at those walls —
Of victory assured.

One key to your oppressive pride
Your Western Dunkirk 's gone ;
So Pepperell and Warren bade
And what they bade was done !

Forbear, proud Prince, your gasconades,
Te Deums cease to sing, —
When Britons fight the *Grand Monarque*
Must yield to Britain's King.

Boston, December, 1745

D'ANVILLE'S FLEET

I SUPPOSE that the world never saw any man more mad, as the vernacular would say, than Louis XV. when he heard of the loss of Louisburg.

To avenge it, he sent under D'Anville the largest fleet which had ever crossed the Atlantic, in 1746. The English government was asleep and made no effort to arrest its progress.

Longfellow's ballad, which he calls the "Ballad of the French Fleet," tells its history. Men who know say to me that on a clear day if you look down into a smooth sea, off Cape Sable, you may see the wrecks as they lie there.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

I

A FLEET with flags arrayed
  Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
  The signal: "Steer south-west."
For this Admiral d'Anville
  Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
  Our helpless Boston Town.

II

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near;
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray."

III

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if, in thy providence,
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

IV

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame;
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came.

It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower
As it tolls at funerals.

V

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

VI

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

VII

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea.

This ballad is according to me the best of the American ballads. Mr. Longfellow wrote it at the request of the Old South Committee as his contribution, which proved invaluable, for the effort for saving the Old South Meeting House after the Boston fire. The ballad is a really good historical account of what happened. Prince was preaching in the afternoon of a Fast Day ordered by Governor Shirley on the occasion of the expectation of D'Anville's Fleet. All the train bands of Massachusetts were encamped on Boston Common at the time. The typhoon described swept over the Meeting House, so that old men half a century afterwards remembered the storm.

It overtook D'Anville's Fleet off Cape Sable, and as I have said the ships lie there till this day.

Much of the imagery of Mr. Longfellow's ballad is taken from Prince's Thanksgiving Sermon of the same year in which he himself describes the storm. This sermon was reprinted in 1774 "to encourage the people of God under the execution of the Boston Port Bill."

THE BALLAD OF SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN. August 7, 1761

This ballad belonging to the year 1773 has often been commented and improved upon. The revision here given is that reproduced by Dr. Stebbins, and is, I think, as accurate as any text that can be now constructed.

ELEGY ON THE YOUNG MAN BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE

I

"On Springfield mountains there did dwell
A likely youth who was knowne full well
Lieutenant Mirick 's onley sone
A likely youth nigh twenty one.

II

"One friday morning he did go
in to the medow and did moe
A round or two then he did feal
A pisin sarpent at his heal.

III

"When he received his dedly wond
he dropt his sithe a pon the ground
And strate for home wase his intent
Caling aloude stil as he went

IV

"tho all around his voys was hered
but none of his friends to him apiere
they thot it wase some workmen calld
and there poor Timothy alone must fall

V

"So soon his Carful father went
to seek his son with discontent
and there hes fond onley son he found
ded as a stone a pon the ground

VI

"And there he lay down sopose to rest
with both his hands Acrost his brest
his mouth and eyes Closed fast
And there poor man he slept his last

VII

"his father vieude his track with great consarn
Where he had ran across the corn
uneven tracks where he did go
did apear to stagger to and frow

VIII

"The seventh of August sixty-one
this fatal axsident was done
Let this a warning be to all
to be prepared when God does call."

"I hardly overstated the variety of claimants, or rather authors, to whom this Elegy (?) is attributed, to Daniel or Jesse Carpenter, to a young lady to whom young Merrick was engaged, and to Nathan Torrey. The latter has the honor of authorship, if any reliance can be placed upon the most direct and authentic tradition on the subject. The original has been tampered with by editors. I have done my best to approach the author's copy." — Dr. Stebbins's address at Wilbraham.

THE OTHER HALF

THE OTHER HALF

We have come to an end of our songs and ballads of the preparation of the Pilgrims, of the Colonies, and of the Province.

There is yet to be written the ballad of Boston Bay, when, in 1747, the British Admiral impressed the Boston sailors and had to give them up again. But it is not in this inkstand, and I do not know who will write it.

With 1770 we come to the turning-point: Red-coats in garrison at Boston; half the men you meet in the street in soldier's uniform, — "Lobster backs" we call them, for we have never seen a soldier before, unless he were one of our own boys from our own train bands, soldiering because we needed him and told him to take his gun and his powder-horn. Even then his coat was blue.

In 1859, nearly ninety years after this central date of 1770, I crossed the ocean in the steamboat *Europa*, with some accomplished English officers. One night some of them sang on deck, among other things, the camp song of "The British Grenadiers," with the words then new, which fitted the air of the song to the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and the rest of the Crimea. They were interested to find that my version of the song was nearly a hundred years older. I have often been sung to sleep by it, and I have sung other children to sleep with it, as perhaps I may yet sing grandchildren to sleep. So, I will print it here as a New England reminiscence of Boston at "the North End" somewhere between 1770 and 1775.

I may as well say here that the word "British" was in familiar use in England and Scotland during the middle of the eighteenth century, after the English and Scotch union. You find it in Fielding and Smollett, in Boswell and Dr. Johnson. It was in use here in the time of the Stamp Act and of the Revolution. The familiar use of the word died out in England, until within a few years just past, when it has come up again. But through the nineteenth century, it was much more common in America than in England.

English and Colonial writers made the anomalous word "Britisher" out of it. But I never heard this used in New England, and I do not believe that it ever was used here.

THE BRITISH GRENADIER

I

Come, come fill up your glasses,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,[1]
And wear their looped clothes.[2]

[1] I suppose "pouches" to be a memorial of the time when the grenadier actually carried a hand grenade to be used as the name implies.

[2] In Gay's Pastoral, "The Shepherd's Week," the Shepherd says,

"I sold my sheep, and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
. . . . .
So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier."

He does this that he may go to Court.

For be you Whig or Tory,
Or any mortal thing,
Be sure that you give glory
To George, our gracious King.
For if you prove rebellious,
He 'll thunder in your ears
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !
For the British Grenadiers.

II

And when the wars are over,
We 'll march by beat of drum,
The ladies cry " So, Ho girls
The Grenadiers have come !
The Grenadiers who always
With love our hearts do cheer.
Then Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !
For the British Grenadier."

There was one burlesque verse of pure Boston origin

III

Their patriot, Jimmy Otis,
That bully in disguise,
That well-known tyke of Yorkshire,
That magazine of lies.
And he will mount the rostrum
And loudly he will bray
Rebel! Rebel! Rebel! Rebel!
Rebel America!

After the war began, the rebels made their version:

Vain Britons, boast no longer
With proud indignity
By land, your conquering legions,
Your matchless strength at sea:
Since we, your braver sons, incensed
Our swords have girded on
Huzza, huzza, huzza
For war and Washington!

with much more of the same sort.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

The reader must turn to Dr. Holmes for the ballad of the Tea Party. And when we come to the eighteenth of April, when Paul Revere went out from Boston by water and William Dawes by land to waken Middlesex County, there comes in Mr. Longfellow's "Ride of Paul Revere," which every New England schoolboy knows by heart.

This is the beginning and end of this celebrated ballad. It is printed with the consent of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and will be found in full in their collections of Longfellow's Poems. The authority for it is Revere's own narrative in the Massachusetts Historical Collection, First Series, Vol. V. p. 106. The date is Jan. 1, 1798.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,

And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned, and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

. . . . . .

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen and hear,
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE

Lord Percy went to the relief of Colonel Smith early in the day. As he passed the Dudley Stone at Roxbury he noticed a Roxbury boy who appeared to be ridiculing the Red-Coats. Percy sent to the boy to reprove him. To which the little rebel replied by this allusion to the noble house of Percy.

"You go out to 'Yankee Doodle,' but you 'll dance by and by to 'Chevy Chase.'"

We owe the story, which is probably true, to Dr. Gordon, a Roxbury man. He says that the repartee stuck to Percy all the rest of the day. Horace Walpole speaks of "the hunting of that day." The lines of the old "Chevy Chase" are,

> "The child unborn
> Shall rue the hunting of that day."

I

'T was the dead of the night. By the pine-knot's red light
Brooks lay, half-asleep, when he heard the alarm, —
Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:
"The Red-Coats are out, and have passed Phips's farm."

II

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word;
Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;
To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,
Strapped the girths and the bridle, and sprang to her back.

III

Up the North County road, at her full pace she strode,
Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say,
"We have got the alarm, — they have left Phips's farm;
You rouse the East Precinct, and I 'll go this way."

IV

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;
They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me:

"Turn out right away; let no minute-man stay;
The Red-Coats have landed at Phips's," says he.

V

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;
At Nahum's the men from the Saw-Mill came down;
So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,
And said, "Forward, march!" there marched forward The Town.

VI

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!
O Lord, God of Might, let thine angels of light
Lead thy children to-night to the glories of day,
And let thy stars fight all the foes of the Right
As the stars fought of old against Sisera."

VII

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed
our march,
Till the last of them faded in twilight away ;
And with morning's bright beam, by the bank
of the stream,
Half the county marched in, and we heard
Davis say :

VIII

"On the King's own highway I may travel all
day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he ;
"I 've no man that 's afraid, and I 'll march at
their head."
Then he turned to the boys, "Forward, march !
Follow me."

IX

And we marched as he said ; and the Fifer he
played
The old "White Cockade," and he played it
right well.
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid ;
That bridge we 'd have had, though a thousand
men fell.

X

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.
We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to stay;
Down the Lexington way we stormed, black, white, and gray;
We were first in the feast, and were last in the fray.

XI

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay.
They levelled, they fired, they charged up the road.
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

XII

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls,
And Winch and the Snows just above John Monroe's, —
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon balls.

XIII

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me;
Fill your horn from mine, — let me lie where I be.
Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free,
Left their king on his throne, and came over the sea;
And that man is a knave or a fool who, to save
His life for a minute, would live like a slave."

XIV

Well, all would not do! There were men good as new, —
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away, —
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell;
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them, all day.
We knew, every one, it was war that begun,
When that morning's marching was only half done.

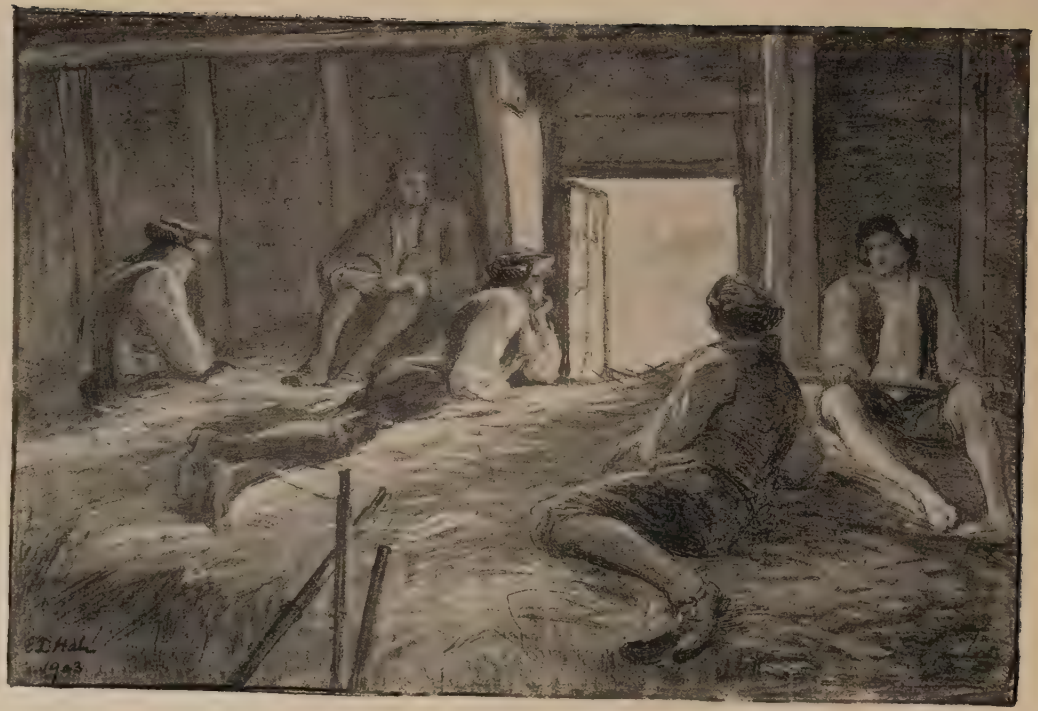
XV

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,
I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.
'T was my last charge of lead; and I aimed her and said,
"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston Town."

XVI

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Monroe,
And Baker, and Abram, and I made a bed.
We had mighty sore feet, and we 'd nothing to eat;
But we 'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said:
"It 's the first time," says he, "that it 's happened to me
To march to the sea by this road where we 've come;
But confound this whole day, but we 'd all of us say
We 'd rather have spent it this way than to home."[1]

[1] One of the veterans of the Lexington fight told his story of it to Mr. Edward Everett. Mr. Everett said, "You have never regretted that day, I am sure," and the old man replied, "Well, I 'd rather have spent it so than to hum."


E.D. Hall
1903

XVII

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den.
And never since then, in the memory of men,
Has the Old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

April 19, 1882.

A SONG

Composed by the British Soldiers, after the Fight at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775

Dr. Holmes has covered the story of Bunker Hill in "Grandmamma's Ballad," but I copy a few verses from a contemporary broadside, printed to encourage recruiting for English Arms. There are other "popular" ballads of the same kind: —

It was on the seventeenth by brake of day,
The Yankees did surprise us,
With their strong works they had thrown up,
To burn the town and drive us;
But soon we had an order come,
An order to defeat them:
Like rebels stout they stood it out
And thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day,
An order came for marching,
With three good flints and sixty rounds,
Each man hop'd to discharge them.

We marched down to the long wharf,
Where boats were ready waiting;
With expedition we embark'd,
Our ships kept cannonading.

And when our boats all filled were
With officers and soldiers,
With as good troops as England had,
To oppose who dare controul us;
And when our boats all filled were
We row'd in line of battle,
Where show'rs of balls like hail did fly,
Our cannon loud did rattle.

There 's some in Boston pleas'd to say,
As we the field were taking,
We went to kill their countrymen,
While they their hay were making;
For such stout Whigs I never saw;
To hang them all I 'd rather,
For making hay with musket-balls,
And buck-shot mixed together.

Brave Howe is so considerate,
As to prevent all danger;
He allows half a pint a day,
To rum we are no strangers.

Long may he live by land and sea,
For he 's beloved by many;
The name of Howe the Yankees dread,
We see it very plainly.

And now my song is at an end;
And to conclude my ditty,
It is the poor and ignorant,
And only them, I pity.
As for their king John Hancock,
And Adams, if they 're taken,
Their heads for signs shall hang up high
Upon that hill call'd Bacon.

An American ballad to the tune of Anacreon in Heaven appeared in a Boston paper at some time in the 'Forties of the last century; but though the ring is good, it is clearly modern. This will be enough of it.

We lay in the trenches we 'd dug in the ground
While *Phœbus* blazed down from his Glory-lined car;
And then from the lips of our *Leader* renowned
This lesson we heard in the *Science* of War!
"Let the foemen draw nigh
Till the *White* of his *Eye*
Is in range with your *Rifles*, and then, *Lads!*
Let Fly!
And show to *Columbia*, to *Britain*, and *Fame*,
How *Justice* smiles awful when *Freemen* take Aim!"

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

[The Battle of Bennington was the turning-point of the Revolution. It is fair, therefore, to call the day when it was fought the crisis day of Modern History.]

March! March! March! from sunrise till it's dark,
And let no man straggle on the way!
March! March! March! as we follow old John Stark,
For the old man needs us all to-day.

Load! Load! Load! Three buckshot and a ball,
With a hymn-tune for a wad to make them stay!
But let no man dare to fire till he gives the word to all,
Let no man let the buckshot go astray.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire all along the line,
When we meet those bloody Hessians in array!
They shall have every grain from this powder-horn of mine,
Unless the cowards turn and run away.

Home! Home! Home! When the fight is fought and won,
To the home where the women watch and pray!
To tell them how John Stark finished what he had begun,
And to hear them thank our God for the day.

August 16, 1777.

"The year of the triple Gallows" was the joke of the patriots of the time: the reference was to 7 three times repeated.

CONCORD BRIDGE

I

THERE 's peace and quiet by Yorkshire Bridge
Where early sunbeams fall,
There 's a drowsy hum in the summer morn,
And the far-away note of the hunter's horn
Brings back an answering call.

Two fair-haired boys meet by the bridge,
At that far-away answering call.

II

There's bustle and hurry on London Bridge,
With its ceaseless come and go: —
There 's the tramp of feet and the roll of drums,
And the cold, clear note of the bugle comes
Up from the ships below!

Two soldiers are waiting hard by the bridge
Watching the ships below.

III

There 's a call to arms by Charlestown Bridge!
And ere the cock has crowed,
There 's a rattle of guns, there 's a muffled tread,
And the low stern voice of command ahead
As they swing up the country road.

Two comrades are marching across the bridge
As they swing up the country road.

IV

There 's peace and quiet by Concord Bridge
After the angry fight, —
There 's the stillness of death in the lonely spot,
Though the far-away sound of a musket shot
Comes faint through the soft twilight.

Two English soldiers are sleeping there —
And they dream of home and the early dawn
When the far-away note of the hunting horn
Came faint through the evening air.

THE YANKEY'S RETURN FROM CAMP

I REPRINT this authentic copy of this well-known ballad for two reasons. First, as I think, this is the earliest copy known. Mr. Barton, of the Antiquarian Society, is so good as to furnish it for me from their invaluable collection.

Second, an autograph note of Judge Dawes, of the Harvard class of 1777, addressed to my father, says that the author of the well-known lines was Edward Bangs, who graduated with him. It is easy to imagine how the class of '77, which was first at Cambridge in 1773 and '74, was carried to Concord in 1775, and returned to Old Hollis and Old Massachusetts in 1776, must have been affected by the arrival of the minute-men, the gathering of Artemas Ward's army, and the inauguration of Washington. It seems to me that the poem has a special interest from the knowledge that it was written by a college lad of those days. I beg the members of the Institute of 1770 to find some trace of something like it in their Revolutionary Records. Mr. Bangs had, as a college boy, joined the Middlesex farmers in the pursuit of April 19, 1775. He was afterward a Judge in Worcester County.

The College was transferred from Cambridge to Concord in September, 1775. At any period between the twentieth of April and September, young Bangs, who was a sophomore, could have seen what he describes.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding.
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Chorus. — Yankey doodle, keep it up,
Yankey doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be savèd.
Yankey doodle, etc.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep an house a winter:
They have as much that I 'll be bound
They eat it when they 're a mind to.
Yankey doodle, etc.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deucid little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankey doodle, etc.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankey doodle, etc.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.
Yankey doodle, etc.

Cousin simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scar'd me so I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankey doodle, etc.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clap'd his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing Iron
Upon the little end on 't.
Yankey doodle, etc.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.
Yankey doodle, etc.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon 't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.
Yankey doodle, etc.

And there was Captain WASHINGTON,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he 's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without 'em.
Yankey doodle, etc.

He got him on his meeting cloathes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.
Yankey doodle, etc.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They look'd so taring fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.
Yankey doodle, etc.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.
Yankey doodle, etc.

It scar'd me so, I hook'd it off,
Nor stop'd, as I remember,
Nor turn'd about till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.
Yankey doodle, etc.

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER

The incident referred to in this ballad is perfectly authenticated. Of the ten prizes taken by Whipple in successive nights, nine arrived safely into Massachusetts harbors.

"Old Whipple" is Abraham Whipple, one of the Rhode Island Vikings. After the war he went out with Abraham Cutter to Marietta, and he is thus one of the founders of the State of Ohio. At Marietta he built the first ship which ever went to sea from Ohio. A good deal of ship-building was carried on in Ohio after the success of this voyage. The ships were built where timber was plenty, and were then sent down the rivers to "Orleans" never to return to their birthplace.

Come listen and I 'll tell you
  How first I went to sea,
To fight against the British
  And earn our liberty.
We shipped with Cap'n Whipple
  Who never knew a fear,
The Captain of the *Providence,*
  The Yankee Privateer.

We sailed and we sailed
And made good cheer,
There were many pretty men
On the Yankee Privateer.

The British Lord High Admiral
He wished old Whipple harm,
He wrote that he would hang him
At the end of his yard arm.
"My Lord," wrote Cap'n Whipple back, —
"It seems to me it 's clear
That if you want to hang him,
You must catch your Privateer."

We sailed and we sailed
And made good cheer,
For not a British frigate
Could come near the Privateer.

We sailed to the south'ard,
And nothing did we meet
Till we found three British frigates
And their West Indian fleet.
Old Whipple shut our ports
As he crawled up near,
And he sent us all below
On the Yankee Privateer.

So slowly he sailed
We dropped to the rear,
And not a soul suspected
The Yankee Privateer.

At night we put the lights out
And forward we ran
And silently we boarded
The biggest merchantman.
We knocked down the watch, —
And the lubbers shook for fear,
She 's a prize without a shot,
To the Yankee Privateer.

We sent the prize north
While we lay near
And all day we slept
On the bold Privateer.

For ten nights we followed,
And ere the moon rose,
Each night a prize we 'd taken
Beneath the Lion's nose.
When the British looked to see
Why their ships should disappear,
They found they had in convoy
A Yankee Privateer.

But we sailed and sailed
And made good cheer!
Not a coward was on board
Of the Yankee Privateer.

The biggest British frigate
Bore round to give us chase,
But though he was the fleeter
Old Whipple would n't race,
Till he 'd raked her fore and aft,
For the lubbers could n't steer,
Then he showed them the heels
Of the Yankee Privateer.

Then we sailed and we sailed
And we made good cheer,
For not a British frigate
Could come near the Privateer.

Then northward we sailed
To the town we all know,
And there lay our prizes,
All anchored in a row;
And welcome were we
To our friends so dear,
And we shared a million dollars
On the bold Privateer.

We 'd sailed and we 'd sailed
And we made good cheer,
We had all full pockets
On the bold Privateer.

Then we each manned a ship
And our sails we unfurled,
And we bore the Stars and Stripes
O'er the oceans of the world.
From the proud flag of Britain
We swept the seas clear,
And we earned our independence
On the Yankee Privateer.

Then landsmen and sailors,
One more cheer!
Here is three times three
For the Yankee Privateer!

July, 1779.

THE OLD SOUTH PICTURE-GALLERY

To hide the time-stains on our wall
Let every tattered banner fall!
The Bourbon lilies, green and old,
That flaunted once in burnished gold;
The oriflamme of France that fell
That day when sunburned Pepperrell
His shotted salvos fired so well,
The fleur de Lys trailed sulky down,
And Louisburg was George's town.
The Bourbon yields it in despair
To Saxon arm and Pilgrim prayer.

Hang there the Lion and the Tower,
Pale emblems of Castilian power,
The flags which Lyman brought away
In triumph from Havana Bay
A hundred years ago.

Lion and tower have to fall
Unwilling from the Morro wall,
As at the Yankee fife and drum
New England and her train-bands come,
They swim the moat; they climb the ledge,
They drive the sentries from the edge,
They storm the Morro on the steep,
And tear away the flags to keep,
That so our walls may show
To England and to dying Spain
How freedom makes our sort of men.

Hang there, and there, the dusty rags
Which once were jaunty battle flags,
And for a week, in triumph vain,
Gay flaunted over blue Champlain,
Gayly had circled half the world,
Until they dropped, disgraced and furled,
That day the Hampshire line
Stood to its arms at dress parade,
Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
And Massachusetts Pine,
To see the great atonement made
By Riedesel and Burgoyne.

Eagles which Cæsar's hand had fed,
Banners which Charlemagne had led,
A thousand years before,
A dozing empire meanly gave
To be the eagles of a slave,
And let the mean Elector wave
Those banners on our shore.

The mean Elector basely sold
Eagle and flag for George's gold;
And in the storm of war,
In crash of battle, thick and dark,
Beneath the rifle-shot of Stark,
The war-worn staff, the crest of gold,
The scutcheon proud and storied fold,
In surges of defeat were rolled.
So even Roman banners fall,
To screen the time-stains on our wall!

Between the Roman and the Gaul
See where our English colors fall!
Yes! under there we led the way
With Wolfe, and in Havana Bay;
But when the time had come,
That cross of white, that cross of red,
Fell in their turn, that in their stead

The pine-tree and the thirteen bars,
At sound of Yankee fife and drum,
Might float on Beacon Hill that day,
That happy spring-time morning when
In triumph he, our first of men,
Rode along Boston Neck, the day
Howe and his red-coats sailed away.
So white-robed peace resumed her sway
For us the dwellers by the Bay.

The cross which stubborn Endicott
Had from King Charles's ensign cut,
Shall on our Beacon wave no more!
No! from that hour till now,
No foeman's foot has found its way,
Across the marches of our Bay,
Nor foreign eagles sought our shore.

Beneath the war-flag's faded fold
I see our sovereigns of old
On magic canvas there.
The tired face of "baby Charles"
Looks sadly down from Pilgrim walls,
Half pride and half despair,
Doubtful to flatter or to strike,
To cozen or to dare.

His steel clad charger he bestrides
As if to smite the Ironsides,
When Rupert with his squadron rides;
Yet such his gloomy brow and eye,
You wonder if he will not try
Once more the magic of a lie
To lift him from his care.

Hold still your truncheon! If it moves,
The ire of Cromwell's rage it braves!
For the next picture shows
The grim Protector on his steed,
Ready to pray, to strike, to lead, —
Dare all for England, which he saves,
New England, which he loves.

Vandyck drew Charles. 'T is Kneller there
Has pictured a more peaceful pair;
There Orange gives his last command,
The charter gives to Mather's hand;
And blooming there, the queenly she,
Who takes "now counsel, and now tea,"
Confounding Blenheim and Bohea,
Careless of war's alarm.

Yet as of old, the virgin Queen,
When armed for victory, might press
The smoky firelock of "Brown Bess,"
So Anna, in a fond caress,
Rests on a black "Queen's Arm."
Beneath those forms another band,
Silent but eloquent, shall stand.
There is no uttered voice nor speech
As still of liberty they teach;
No language and no sound is heard,
Yet still the everlasting word
Goes forth to thrill the land.
Story and Greenough shall compel
The silent marble forms to tell
The lesson that they told so well,
Lesson of Fate and Awe, —
Franklin still point the common place
Of Liberty and Law;
Adams shall look in Otis' face,
Blazing with Freedom's soul;
And Molyneux see Hancock trace
The fatal word which frees a race,
There in New England's well-earned place,
The head of Freedom's roll.

These are not all. The past is gone,
But other victories shall be won,
For which the time-worn tale we read
Is but the sowing of the seed.
The harvest shall be gathered when
Our children's children meet again
Upon the time-worn floor;
When ruddy drops flush living cheek,
And tribunes of the people speak
As living man can speak to living men;
When future Adamses conspire,
When other Danas feed the fire,
Each grandson worthy of his sire;
When other Phillipses shall tell
Again the tale he tells so well;
When other Minots shall record
The victories of some other Ward,
And other Prescotts tell the story
Of other Warrens' death and glory;
When, in some crisis of the land,
Some other Quincy takes the stand,
To teach, to quicken, to command, —
To speak with prophet's power
Of Liberty and Law combined,
Of Justice close with Mercy joined.

United in one hand and mind;
That talisman of victory find
In which our laurels all are twined, —
And for one struggle more
Forget those things which lie behind,
And reach to those before.

ANOTHER CENTURY

The unpleasantness with France at the end of the eighteenth century and the Algerine wars furnished their contribution, such as they are, to ballad literature. There are one or two poems of western emigration, some ridiculing it, some approving it.

The adoption of the Federal Constitution brought its share. Here comes what amuses a Boston ear.

> Convention did in State House meet,
> And when it would n't hold 'em,
> They all went down to *Federal Street*,
> And there the truth was told them.

The short war with England brought an immense crop of sailor songs and other songs. I would print "Bold Dacres came on board," which is perhaps the only sailor song which has survived, but that it is so well remembered on every American forecastle. It begins:

> I often have been told
> That the British seamen bold
> Could beat the tars of France
> Neat and handy, O.
>
> But they never got their match
> Till the Yankees did them catch,
> For the Yankee tars for fighting
> Are the dandy, O.

What is not so well known, and may be worth preserving, is the retaliatory song to the same air, which was

written by some English ballad-monger after the *Shannon* took the *Chesapeake*. I am able to print it by the kindness of Mr. James E. Whitney, Jr.

CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON

"The *Chesapeake* so bold
Out of Boston, I 've been told,
Came to take a British Frigate
Neat and handy, O!
While the people of the port
Flocked out to see the sport,
With their music playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!

"Now the British Frigate's name
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage
Neat and handy, O!
Was the *Shannon*, Captain Broke,
Whose crew were heart of oak,
And for fighting were confessed
To be the dandy, O!

"The engagement scarce begun
Ere they flinched from their guns,
Which at first they thought of working
Neat and handy, O!

The bold Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, 'Now, my lads, on board,
And we 'll stop their playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!'

"They no sooner heard the word
Than they quickly rushed aboard
And hauled down the Yankee ensign
Neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag,
Now the glorious British flag
At the Yankee's mizzen-peak
Was quite the dandy, O!

"Successful Broke to you,
And your officers and crew,
Who on board the *Shannon* frigate
Fought so handy, O!
And may it ever prove
That in fighting as in love
The true British tar is the dandy, O!"

OLD IRONSIDES

"Old Ironsides," as the *Constitution* frigate was familiarly called, was built at a Boston wharf. She sailed from Boston in June, 1812, to fight the *Guerrière*. Legitimate commerce was at an end; there were a plenty of seamen hungry for a fight, and an old New Englander is apt to say, whether truly or not I do not know, that every man of her crew, when she fought the *Guerrière*, was a well-trained skipper who could have "navigated" the ship.

By the combination of the new western States with the southern oligarchies, General Jackson was chosen President. The new dynasty well in the saddle, as a neat bit of bravado, gave orders to break up the New England frigate *Constitution*. She had been built under the older Adams. They had now turned out the younger Adams, and the plan for her destruction was rather an ingenious insult to the North. The ship herself was not much more than thirty years old at the time.

The insult was received with more spirit than was expected. It was perhaps suggested by some over-officious person in Jackson's cabinet. But it roused Oliver Wendell Holmes, then scarcely more than a boy, and he himself has told how he retired to his attic room, in General Ward's old headquarters at Cambridge, and wrote the verses which "fired the northern heart." The order for the destruction of the ship was withdrawn, and we still preserve her under the shadow of Bunker Hill as the Athenians preserved the Galley of

Theseus. Dr. Holmes might well claim the credit of saving "Old Ironsides," and the poem, printed everywhere in the northern States, won for him at once his national reputation.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle's shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or feel the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

The capture of the *Guerrière* was not the last of New England's victories, nor the loss of the *Chesapeake* the last of her defeats. But life went on with its chances and changes of hope and fear. And these ballads of what the Rhode Islanders call the "South country" come next in the history of the last century. Then comes the "marshalling in arms."

THE FUNERAL OF OLD JOHN RUDD

A Southwest wind on Matunuck Beach brings
the seaweed up on the shore,
And then will the farmers' carts be down, you
can often count a score,
And see the men in the water, knee-deep as
though they were spearing eels,
While the seaweed carts stand just by the edge
with kelp all over the wheels.
The carts come down from the whole Backside
to gather their dripping load,
And from upland farms away in the woods, and
from all the Kingston Road,
And even from Carolina, nine miles and more
away
Where they hitch the oxen up to the carts before
the gray dawn o' the day.

So one night Ben Segar's team was mounting the
rise of Halfway Hill;
It was almost light, for the stars were bright and
the moon shone soft and still;

And Ben could see the Block Island lights as he
mounted the little crest,
With Judith flashing away in the east, and Mon-
tauk off in the west.
But on reaching the flat where the road is bad,
(for the sand lies heavy and deep),
Uncle Ben lay down on the seat for a bit and
soon fell half asleep,
And left his team to get on by themselves with-
out the guide of the goad,
The oxen jogging one step at a time as they
lurched along the road.

'T is a weary ride, for the houses are few and far
between,
And there 's hardly a sound to be heard for miles
or a sign of life to be seen,
Save now and then the piercing cry of a cock that
has waked and crowed,
Or the sudden dash of a woodchuck as he scuttles
across the road.
And so for a time Ben nodded along, and then
with a start he woke
And lifted his head and snuffed the air, for he
smelt the smell of smoke.

Off here to the left lived Old John Rudd, the
Hermit as people said,
He had lived by himself for twenty years since
old man Rudd was dead.

An unfriendly man was the hermit. He 'd lived
so long alone
That his heart was about as soft and kind as a
Green Hill cobblestone.
He had read no book but the Bible since ever
he 'd learned to read,
And out of the texts he 'd made for himself a
gloomy and grievous creed.
And he 'd go to Cornelia's to meeting, and after
he 'd sat a spell
He 'd up and preach the Good Tidings of Death,
Damnation and Hell.

So the children ran when they saw him, and he
frowned when he saw a child.
For what was a child but the image of Christ
with original sin defiled ?
And he lived apart in his house in the woods as
lonely as could be,
And nobody loved him in all this world and he
loved nobody.

As he smelt the smoke Ben left his team and
ran off into the wood,
Along the cart track over the hill to where John
Rudd's house had stood.
But when he reached the clearing, in place of the
house, he found
Charred beams and glowing embers spread over
the blackened ground.
And there stood Cæsar the negro, who lived in
the hills to the East,
The hermit's nearest neighbour though a mile
away at least.

"Yer 've come too late," said Uncle Ben, "we 've
both on us come too late;
We 'd a had to been here hours ago to a saved
John Rudd from his fate."
He pointed down and there stretched out from
the roof a-clutching the sand
Was the charred and blackened remnant of what
had been John Rudd's hand.

The two men moved no nearer; they looked, and
stood apart,
The ashes of awe in their faces and the dread of
death at the heart.

For a moment then there was silence: till Ben
spoke up and said
"I guess the ole man was smothered to death
afore he could leave his bed.
Or p'raps he was struck by the fall of the roof
at the door he was crawlin' fur,
He was awful bad with the rheumatiz'. and at
times could n't hardly stir."

Then Cæsar said: "I see him comin' home las'
Sat'day night.
He was snarlin' and talkin' dreadful, as he did
when things were n't right.
He said this earth was so wicked, the Lord did n't
love it no more,
An' he said the Lord had hidden His face as it
never was hidden before.
But he said the days was comin', the days was
close at hand
When the Lord would smite the evil through
the len'th and breadth of the land.
For he said we was judged: we was all on us
weighed and foun' wantin' an' all,
An' there was n't a spot on the whole wide world
where the wrath of the Lord would n't fall.

For Christ would come with his angels in chayyuts of fire an' of flame
An' the blazin' sword of his conquerin' Word, an' the dread of his awful Name
An' he 'd smite the earth an' destroy it: the sea, an' the sand, an' the sod,
An' it 's flame should go up forever amen, for the greater glory of God."
And Cæsar paused and showed his teeth and his eyeballs glistened white,
And he thought of these future horrors with holy and high delight.

"Well the flamin' chayyut 's come for him, said Ben, "and there 's the proof.
But now I guess we'm best to go for some help to raise that roof.
'T won't do John Rudd no good. He don't want help no more.
But I 'll rouse the folks along the road — I was goin' down t' the shore."
So Ben went back to his oxen and Cæsar went on his way,
And John Rudd's pyre was left to itself in the glow of the newborn day.

And the laurel was pink on the hillside, and its dark leaves gleamed in the dew,
The morning breeze moved through the trees and the grey sky warmed to blue,
The birds began to twitter as the day stole over the hill,
The bees buzzed round o'er the blackened ground as they followed their wandering will,
And the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees and the morning glow in the air
Were a living proof by the blackened roof, that the Glory of God was there.
But the Hermit lay all quiet after his last fierce strife
As blind and deaf to the flowers and the birds as he ever had been in life.
Yet off in the dawn of the perfect day which began with such fiery birth,
John Rudd had found the Glory of God which he missed in his night on this earth.

THE BREACH BY POINT JUDITH POINT

THE wind blows hard on Point Judith Point
and the sea 's all black and white,
No wind that has blown for fifty years has blown
like the wind to-night.
Along to the west the shore curves round and as
far as the eye can reach
The sea is rolling and breaking high for a half
a mile from the beach.
The western sky is a cold red streak beneath the
cloudbank's frown,
Red with the gold of the sun, but cold in the
place where the sun went down.

Along by the Saltpond Breach is the place where
the surf has the sport most rare,
For the sea runs in and the pond runs out, and
the waves crash high in the air.
The breakers reach far into the Breach in a roll-
ing snowwhite wedge,

And they gnaw the sand on either hand as they
eat up the sandy ledge.
The breakers reach far into the Breach with a
lashing rumble and roar,
And the white foam flecks the half-ribbed wrecks
that lie far up on the shore,
If half-tide runs so near the dunes, high tide will
wash them o'er.

Up from the shore of Meadow Point where the
two Saltponds divide,
Is Long John Tucker's farmhouse, with the
barns on either side.
Long John leans over the barnyard gate as the
cows come home. "I fear
To-night will be the worst night at sea there's
been for many a year."
The cattle are milked, the barnyard closed, the
chickens are gathered and fed,
And the farmer's folks take supper and soon be-
take themselves to bed.
They sleep full sound nor trouble their sleep with
thought of the ships at sea,
And the breaker's roar comes up from the shore
a-grumbling ceaselessly.

The little room in the farmhouse ell, over the kitchen door,
Is the room of the farmer's hired girl, the room of Mary More.
Mary More, the girl that you see when you pass the house as you go
To the Kingfisher fishing-gang's house on the bluff a half a mile below.
An Irish girl with a fresh, frank face, a cheerful, pleasant sight, —
But God in Heaven! the look on the face of Mary More this night,
As she looks from her window and tries to pierce the dark and the wind and the gloom,
Leaning far out on the window ledge in her poor little garret room,
Poor Mary, — no father nor mother, — her lover away at sea,
Homeward bound perhaps, in a gale the worst that a gale can be.

All tired out with watching at last Mary sinks to her bed
To a sleep that is worse than waking, for the dreams that dance through her head,

Dreams of wrecks and drowning men and storms
and ships at sea,
With breakers groaning and sounds of moaning
as though of the grim Banshee.
Storms and wrecks and drowning men chase
through her feverish dream
Till she wakes with a start, her hand on her heart,
at the fearful sound of a scream.
At a drowning scream that chills her heart, Mary
wakes up from sleep,
And sick with dread she springs from her bed to
look out at the noise of the deep.
But except for the sound of the wind and the
surf the farmhouse stands all still,
Except for the sound of the surf and the wind, —
silent, lonely, chill.
And out of the window Mary leans and to pierce
the night she tries;
A night so black that it almost seems less black
when you close your eyes.

Crazed with horror and sick with dread, Mary
runs to the door,
Slips down the stair and into the air, and makes
for the wild seashore.

She 's run through the meadow and crossed the ford, where the carts bring up marsh-hay,
She 's run by the side of the pond where the tide is ankle-deep over the way,
She 's thrown herself into the swift-running gut that 's swept her on to the bar,
And now she stands on the wet sea sands where the wrecks and the seabirds are,
She strains her eyes at the darkness and out at the storm looks she,
But nothing 's in sight save the lone sand beach and the clouds and the white, white sea.
Nothing in sight save the sea so white and the clouds and the lone sand beach,
And nothing to hear but the growling drear of the surf and the roaring Breach.
She 's alone with the wrecks and the seabirds, alone with her fear and her fears
While the drowning scream she heard in her dream still rings and rings in her ears.

. . . . . .

That night Pawawget changed its shape, for the sand filled up the Breach,
And the water opened another way by the cabin of old Ned Teach,

Where the cart track runs between the dunes, in the path that was made by the sea
Just six and sixty years ago, in the gale of Twenty-three.
And the place on the beach where Mary stood and looked for her lover that night
Was all cut off by the water at first, and then was buried from sight.
And over the place where Mary had stood with her shawl round shoulders and head
The breakers roared their stormy fugue as a Wedding March for the Dead.

And the *Sally and Jane* went ashore that night, as had happened in Mary's dream,
And maybe the scream that Mary had heard was somebody's drowning scream.
But neither among the saved nor the drowned, and neither on sea nor on shore,
Was the man whom Mary had seen in her dream, the lover of Mary More.
For the lover that Mary had looked for on the stormy night she was drowned
Had never shipped in the *Sally and Jane* from Havana homeward bound.

He had shipped for a longer and quicker voyage,
bound for God knows where, —
Stabbed and killed in Havana for courting a bull-
fighter's mistress there.

COTTON

Soon as the country rolls up from the plain
The hills remind me of the hills of Maine.
The same dark pines around to frown o'er all, —
The same rank growth where'er the forests fall, —
The same green slopes, the same black swamps below,
Where not the lightest foot, nor lightest boatmen go.

That likeness hardly holds, the web foot cypress here
Gives shade we borrow from the cedar there;
And when these hills assume their blaze of red
Where the long crops whole acres have o'erspread,
The scene suggests no metaphor at all,
But of long ivy on a bright brick wall,

Or green embroidery on a brick dust dress,
Or of green war paint on an Indian's face.

And here the valley of dull Congaree
As unlike dear Penobscot seems to me
As the proud accents of that manly name
To the soft slipshod of the southern stream!
See! rows of cotton stretch across the plain,
Nature's curst present to her brother man!

God to the Saxon such a mission gave,
To light the blinded and to free the slave!
And the poor Saxon, Cotton blinded stands,
Feet Cotton tangled, Cotton bound his hand!
Cotton! from seed to web a twist of groans and
fears!
Wrought with men's rights, and watered with
their tears,
From here to Manchester its tale the same!
Bartered with blood, and saturate with shame!
Till spinner, weaver, slave, each curse its name!

Cotton! the curse, the glory of our time,
Type of its wealth, its shame, its power, its
crime!

Why in the Iron times did none reveal
Presage of future times, their woe? their weal?
Why does not ancient lore, not Hebrew page
Not all the rhapsodies of Delphic rage,
Foretell the fifth, the proud, mean Cotton Age!

Congaree River, May 20, 1848

THE CIVIL WAR

THE CIVIL WAR

The poetical literature of the Civil War would make a volume in itself. Professor Child, the great authority on English ballads, gave himself the duty of providing war songs for the army. He has printed them in a valuable pamphlet.

The most celebrated of all was written, as I suppose, by Henry Howard Brownell, whom Dr. Holmes has called "our Battle Laureate." It was first known to literary ears, I think, when Fletcher Webster's Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers marched up State Street, in 1862, and the men were singing this ode. Mrs. Howe's celebrated version followed not long after. The following copy is from the original broadside. Mr. Brownell afterwards made the changes so well known.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave!
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave!
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave:
His soul 's marching on!

Glory Hally Hallelujah!
Glory Hally Hallelujah!
Glory Hally Hallelujah!
His soul 's marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord.
His soul's marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
His soul's marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him on the way, —
His pet lambs will meet him on the way, —
His pet lambs will meet him on the way, —
They go marching on.

They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree!
As they march along.

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
As we are marching on.

All the "Four Makers" were at their very best in the War, and week by week, almost, contributed to its literature. Here are some other verses, more ephemeral.

OLD FANEUIL HALL

COME, soldiers, join a Yankee song,
And cheer us, as we march along,
With Yankee voices, full and strong, —
Join in chorus all;
Our Yankee notions here we bring,
Our Yankee chorus here we sing,
To make the Dixie forest ring
With OLD FANEUIL HALL!

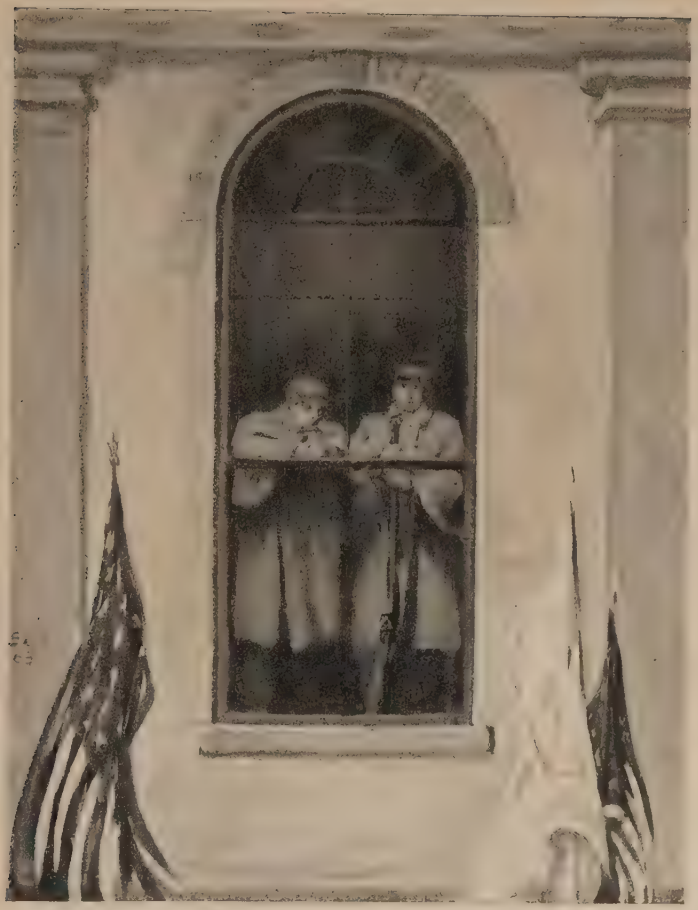
When first our fathers made us free,
When old King George first taxed the tea,
They swore they would not bend the knee,
But armed them one and all!
In days like those the chosen spot
To keep the hissing water hot,
To steep the tea leaves in the pot,
Was OLD FANEUIL HALL!

So when, to steal our tea and toast,
At Sumter first the rebel host
Prepared to march along the coast,
At Jeff Davis' call,
He stood on Sumter's tattered flag,
To cheer them with the game of brag,
And bade them fly his Rebel Rag
On Old Faneuil Hall!

But war 's a game that two can play;
They waked us up that very day,
And bade the Yankees come away
Down South, at Abram's call!
And so I learned my facings right,
And so I packed my knapsack tight,
And then I spent the parting night
In Old Faneuil Hall!

And on that day which draws so nigh,
When rebel ranks our steel shall try, —
When sounds at last the closing cry
"Charge bayonets all!"
The Yankee shouts from far and near,
Which broken ranks in flying hear,
Shall be a rousing Northern cheer
From Old Faneuil Hall!

April 19, 1861



TAKE THE LOAN

Come, freemen of the land,
Come meet the great demand,
True heart and open hand, —
Take the loan!
For the hopes the prophets saw,
For the swords your brothers draw,
For liberty and law,
Take the loan!

Ye ladies of the land,
As ye love the gallant band
Who have drawn a soldier's brand,
Take the loan!
Who would bring them what she could,
Who would give the soldier food,
Who would staunch her brothers' blood,
Take the loan!

All who saw our hosts pass by,
All who joined the parting cry,
When we bade them do or die,
Take the loan!

As ye wished their triumph then,
As ye hope to meet again,
And to meet their gaze like men,
Take the loan!

Who would press the great appeal
Of our ranks of serried steel,
Put your shoulders to the wheel,
Take the loan!
That our prayers in truth may rise,
Which we press with streaming eyes
On the Lord of earth and skies,
Take the loan!

MAY, 1861 [1]

[1] Written when people had to be persuaded as patriots to subscribe for a 7.30 loan! Those who did so are to-day's millionaires. (October, 1903.)

AFTERWARD

THE GREAT HARVEST YEAR

Let us hope that we shall have to write no more War Ballads. What was it Allston said, "No more battle pieces"? As early as 1878 we came to what was then called "the Great Harvest Year" to which New England contributed her apples and ice and codfish and cheese. From the ballad of "The Great Harvest Year," therefore, I copy what I may claim as the New England verses.

THE GREAT HARVEST YEAR[1]

The night the century ebbed out, all worn with work and sin,
The night a twentieth century, all fresh with hope, came in,
The children watched, the evening long, the midnight clock to see,
And to wish to one another "A Happy Century!"
They climbed upon my knee, and they tumbled on the floor;
And Bob and Nell came begging me for stories of the War.

[1] The harvest of the year 1878 was by far the largest harvest which had ever ripened in America. The exports of food were much greater than ever before. They have been much larger since.

But I told Nell that I would tell no tales but
tales of peace, —
God grant that for a hundred years the tales of
war might cease!
I told them I would tell them of the blessed
Harvest Store,
Of the year in which God fed men as they ne'er
were fed before;
For till that year of matchless cheer, since suns or
worlds were made,
Never sent land to other lands such gift of Daily
Bread!

The War was done, and men began to live in
peaceful ways,
For thirteen years of hopes and fears, dark nights
and joyful days.
If wealth would slip, if wit would trip, and neither
would avail,
"Lo! the seed-time and the harvest," saith the
Lord, "shall never fail."
And to all change of ups and downs, to every hope
and fear,
To men's amaze came round the days of the
Great Harvest Year,

When God's command bade all the land join
heart and soul and mind,
And health and wealth, and hand and land, for
feeding half mankind.

. . . . . .

The boys and girls the orchards thronged in those
October days
Where the golden sun shone hotly down athwart
the purple haze.
It warmed the piles of ruddy fruit which lay be-
neath the trees,
From which the apples, red and gold, fell down
with every breeze.
The smallest boy would creep along to clasp the
farthest bough,
And throw the highest pippin to some favored
girl below.
The sound hard fruit with care we chose, we
wiped them clean and dry,
While in the refuse heaps, unused, we let the
others lie.
For pigs and cows and oxen those; for other
lands were these,
And only what was hard and sound should sail
across the seas.

Then, as the sun went down too soon, we piled
the open crates,
And dragged them full where cellar cool threw
wide its waiting gates,
So that the air which circled there was cold, but
not too cold,
To keep for Eastern rivalry our Western fruit of
gold.
And as old Evans thoughtful stood, and watched
the boys that day,
I stood so near that I could hear the grim old
Shaker say,
"Shame on our Yankee orchards, if the fruit
should not be good,
The year the land at God's command sends half
the world its food!"

. . . . . .

A northeast gale, with snow and hail, bore down
upon the sea;
With heavy rolls, beneath bare poles, we drifted
to the lee.
When morning broke, the skipper spoke, and
never sailor shirked,
But with a will, though cold and chill, from morn
to night we worked.

Off in the spray the livelong day our spinning
lines we threw,
And on each hook a struggling fish back to the
deck we drew.
I know I looked to windward once, but the old
man scowled, and said,
"Let no man flinch, nor give an inch, before his
stent is made.
We've nothing for it, shipmates, but to heave the
lines and pull,
Till each man's share has made the fare, and every
cask is full.
This is no year for half a fare, for God this year
decreed
That the forty States their hungry mates in all
the lands shall feed."

. . . . . .

While fields were bright with summer light, and
heaven was all ablaze,
O'er the broad sunny pastures I saw the cattle
graze.
At early day they take their way, when cheerful
morning warns,
And slowly leave the shelter of the hospitable
barns.

The widow's son drew all the milk which the
crowded bag would yield,
And sent his pretty Durham to her breakfast in
the field.
One portion then for the children's bowls the
urchin set away,
One part he set for cream for the next churning-
day;
But there was left enough for one little can
beside,
And with this the thrifty shaver to the great
cheese factory hied.

His milk was measured with the rest, and poured
into the stream,
And as he turned away he met Van Antwerp's
stately team,
Which bore a hundred gallons from the milking
of that day,
And this was poured to swell the hoard fed by
that milky way.

The snowy curd is fitly stirred; the cruel presses
squeeze
Until the last weak drop has passed, and lo, the
solid cheese!

In Yorkshire mill, on Snowdon's hill, men eat it with their bread,
Nor think nor ask of the distant task of the boy by whom they 're fed.
But when autumn's done the widow's son stands at Van Antwerp's side,
And takes in his hand his dividend paid for the milky tide.

So South and North the food send forth to meet the nation's need;
So black and white, with main and might, the hungry peoples feed.
Since God bade man subdue the earth, and harvest-time began,
Never in any land has earth been so subdued by man.

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet of which to make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which his waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, he gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which He made, and called it good!

Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise God
for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit-tree bearing seed; "to you
it is for meat"!
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world
is fed!
Praise God His children all, to whom He gives
their daily bread![1]

[1] Mr. Lang did me the honor to set these eight lines to music; and it is our Thanksgiving Hymn annually at the South Congregational Church.

MANILA BAY

From keel to fighting top, I love
  Our Asiatic fleet,
I love our officers and crews
  Who 'd rather fight than eat.
I love the breakfast ordered up
  When enemies ran short,
But most I love our chaplain
  With his head out of the port.

Now, a naval chaplain cannot charge
  As chaplains can on land,
With his Bible in his pocket,
  His revolver in his hand,
He must wait and help the wounded
  No danger must he court;
So our chaplain helped the wounded
  With his head out of the port.

Beneath his red and yellow,
  At bay the Spaniard stood
Till the yellow rose in fire
  And the crimson sank in blood.

And till the last fouled rifle
Sped its impotent retort,
Our chaplain watched the Spaniard
With his head out of the port.

Then here 's our admiral on the bridge
Above the bursting shell;
And here 's our sailors who went in
For victory or hell,
And here 's the ships and here 's the guns,
That silenced fleet and fort;
But don't forget our chaplain
With his head out of the port.

May 1, 1898

NEW ENGLAND TO A TRUANT LOVER

THE grey November stream is still;
The russet woods you used to know
Await upon their tranquil hill
The silent promise of the snow;
And you whose younger pulses beat
At my shy favors, dear and few,
Have come your earlier loves to meet,—
Am I not still enough for you?

Far in the country of the sun,
Where never winter tempest blows,
Quicker your blood has learned to run
In airs of never-fading rose;
The gardens of your newer love
Beyond their walls of mountain blue
Lie fair her magic seas above,—
But am not I enough for you?

Not one alone, nor two nor three,
But many a man, and not in vain,
Content with hardness and with me,
Has made his loss his endless gain;
Has better loved one ardent day
Close to my heart lived madly through
Than sluggish ages far away, —
Is not that day enough for you?

I gave you life and gave you breath;
I spun the thread you waste to-day.
Why grudge a year or two to death
If what I gave I take away?
Choose if you will the palm and vine,
Leave me for all the South can do;
Yet I am yours and you are mine,
And is not that enough for you?

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Once when my soul was dull and closed and grim
And I was tired of stern Life's endless fray,
I met that man who died the other day,
And as he spoke, I felt through every limb
He was my master. From the horizon dim
Bidding me come, and pointing out the way,
His spirit called: my spirit must obey.
You must be noble while you are with him.
As some poor wretch from fortune's lowest lurch,
Limping with downcast eyes through scornful crowds,
Watching the gutter water ripple by,
Comes suddenly upon a stately church
With lofty spire pointing toward the clouds,
And finds that he is gazing at the sky.

R. B. H.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

With youth's blue sky and charming sunlight
blest
And flushed with hope, he set himself to trace
The fading footprints of a banished race,
Unmindful of the storm-clouds in the west.
In silent pain and torments unconfessed,
Determination written on his face,
He struggled on, nor faltered in his pace
Until his work was done and he could rest.

He was no frightened paleface stumbling through
An unknown forest wandering round and
round.
Like his own Indians, with instinct fine,
He knew his trail, though none saw how he
knew;
Reckoned his time and reached his camping
ground
Just as the first white stars began to shine.

R. B. H.

THE STARS

I LAY at my ease in my little boat,
Fast moored to the shore of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed in the breeze
At God's own sky beyond.

And I thought of the want and the sin in the world,
And the pain and the grief they bring,
And I marvelled at God for spreading abroad
Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
And the sky grew dim and gray
And faded from sight; and I grumbled at Night
For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just the speck of a face
Peeped forth from its window bars;
And I laughed to see it smile at me:
I had not thought of the stars!

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening,
That never would start from the world's cold heart
But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night is sombre and cold,
And the day was warm and fine;
And yet if the day never faded away
The stars would never shine.

R. B. H., 1892

THE BEST
BOOKS
COMPANIONS

Edward Everett Hale's Works

A new uniform collected edition of the principal books of the author of "The Man Without a Country." 10 vols. With frontispiece. 12mo. Cloth, gilt top. Per volume, $1.50.

Printed in clear and beautiful type, issued under the supervision of the author, and including revision and new matter.

I. The Man Without a Country, and Other Stories.

The Man Without a Country.
My Double, and How He Undid Me.
The Rag-Man and the Rag-Woman.
His Level Best.
Round the World in a Hack.
Did He Take the Prince to Ride?
The Children of the Public.
The Skeleton in the Closet.
The Modern Psyche.
The Happy Island.

II. In His Name, and Christmas Stories.

In His Name.
Christmas Waits in Boston.
Daily Bread.
They Saw a Great Light.
Hands Off.
Cromwell's Statue.

III. Ten Times One, and Other Stories.

Ten Times One is Ten.
Neither Scrip nor Money.
Stand and Wait.
Hepzibah's Turkeys.
Our New Crusade.

IV. The Brick Moon, and Other Stories.

The Brick Moon.
Crusoe in New York.
The Lost Palace.
Ideals.
Bread on the Waters.
99 Newbury Street.
The Survivor's Story.
Thanksgiving at the Polls.
One Cent.

V. Philip Nolan's Friends.

VI. A New England Boyhood, etc.

VII. How to Do It, and How to Live.

VIII. Addresses and Essays on Subjects of History, Education, and Government.

IX. Sybaris, and How They Lived at Hampton.

X. Poems, Criticisms, and Literary Essays.

In workmanship and appearance the edition gives every satisfaction. The sage-green linen covers, stamped in gold only on the back, are serviceable and attractive, and the paper and type are delightfully pleasant to the eye. — *Literary World.*

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, *Publishers*
254 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The Man Without a Country

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

New Edition. With a preface giving an account of the circumstances and incidents of its publication, and a new introduction by the author in the year of the war with Spain. 16mo. Cloth. 50 cents.

Illustrated Edition. With forty pictures by Frank T. Merrill. Square 8vo. Cloth. 75 cents.

The Story of the Man without a Country will be remembered and read as long as the American flag flies, and it will continue to do good to successive generations of young Americans. . . . What a splendid work of imagination and patriotism that story is! Its theme is vital, and consequently its influence is perennial. — *New York Sun* (*Editorial*).

It is so full of a lofty patriotism, so full of subtle suggestions that would mean nothing to a foreigner but that move our hearts strangely, that to read it is to grow prouder than ever of the country and the flag. — *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

The moral of the story may be found in Nolan's own pitiful words to a young sailor: "And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother."

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, *Publishers*
254 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

PIONEER SPANIARDS IN NORTH AMERICA

By WILLIAM HENRY JOHNSON, author of "The World's Discovers," etc. With numerous illustrations. 12mo. Decorated cloth. $1.20 *net.*

In his new book the author of "The World's Discoverers" takes up the story of Spanish exploration and conquest in the period immediately succeeding the discovery of America. It traces the gradual spread of Spanish conquest and colonization from the islands of the Caribbean to the mainland; relates the brilliant but tragic career of the discoverer of the Pacific; sketches the astounding achievement of Cortes in winning for Spain the ancient empire of the Aztecs; follows into the mysterious interior of the vast continent those dauntless adventurers, De Soto and Coronado; tells with vivid interest the stirring tale of early New Mexico; and, finally, brings together in the Appendix a mass of information.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

THE WORLD'S DISCOVERERS

The Story of Bold Voyages by Brave Navigators during a Thousand Years

With 8 maps and 36 illustrations. 12mo. Decorated cloth. $1.50.

This is believed to be the only book giving, as a whole, a connected account of the search for a route to the Indies. The scope thus includes voyages made by Marco Polo, Bartholomew Diaz, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan, Verrazano, Frobisher, John Davis, Francis Drake, William Barentz, Henry Hudson, Sir John Franklin, Nordenskiöld, and many others. The author has sketched the story of exploration from King Alfred's time down to its final triumph in our own.

Professor John Fiske said of "The World's Discoverers": "It was an excellent idea to make a book of this sort, as it fills a place not exactly filled before. The plan is, moreover, extremely well worked out, and I should think would give the general reader quite an idea of the treasures of this field of literature."

LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY, *Publishers*

254 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS